

THE ROUND TABLE.

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THE WAR-CORRESPONDENT'S LAST RIDE.

Ho! pony, down the lonely road
Strike now your cheeriest pace,
The woods on fire do not burn higher
Than burns my anxious face;
Far have you sped, but all this night
Must feel my nervous spur;
If we be late, the world must wait
The tidings we aver:—
To home and hamlet, town and hearth,
To thrill child, mother, man,
I carry to the waiting North
Great news from Sheridan!

The birds are dead among the pines,—
Slain by the battle-fright,—
Prone in the road the steed reclines
That never reached the fight:
Yet on we go,—the wreck below
Of many a tumbled wain,—
By ghastly pools where stranded mules
Die, drinking of the rain;
With but my list of killed and missed,
I spur my stumbling nag,
To tell of death at many a triste,
But victory to the flag!

"Halt! who comes there? the countersign!"
"A friend." "Advance. The fight—
How goes it, say?" "We won the day!"
"Hurrah! Pass on!" "Good night!"
And parts the darkness as before,
And down the mire we tramp,
And the black sky is painted o'er
With many a pulsing camp;
O'er stumps and ruts, by ruined huts,
Where ghosts look through the gloam;
Behind my tread I hear the dead
Follow the news toward home.

The hunted souls I see behind,
In swamp and in ravine,
Whose cry of mercy thrills the wind
Till cracks the sure carbine;
The moving lights which scare the dark,
And show the trampled place
Where, in his blood, some mother's bud
Turns up his young, dead face;
The captives spent, whose standards rent
The conqueror parades,
As at the Five Forks roads arrive
The General's dashing aides.

O wondrous youth! through this grand rutil
Runs my boy's life its thread:
The General's fame, the battle's name,
The rolls of maimed and dead
I bear,—with my thrilled soul astir,
And lonely thoughts and fears,—
And am but history's courier
To bind the conquering years;
A battle-ray, through ages gray,
To light to deeds sublime,
And flash the luster of this day
Down all the aisles of Time!

Ho! pony,—'tis the signal-gun—
The night-assault decreed;
On Petersburg the thunderbolts
Crash from the lines of Meade;
Fade the pale, frightened stars o'erhead,
And shrieks the bursting air;
The forest foliage, tinted red,
Grows ghastlier in the glare;
Though in his towers, reached his last hours,
Rocks proud Rebellion's crest—
The world may lag, if but my nag
Gets in before the rest!

With bloody flank, and fetlocks dank,
And goad, and lash, and shout—
Great God! as every hoof-beat falls
A hundred lives beat out!
As weary as this broken steed
Reels down the corduroys,
So, weary, fight for morning light
Our hot and grimy boys;
In ditches wet, o'er parapet
And steep barrette, they catch
The last, lost breach; and I—I reach
The mail, with my dispatch!

Sure it shall speed, the land to read,
As sped the happiest shell;
The shot I send thrill the world's end,
This tells my pony's knell;
His long race run, the long war done,
My occupation gone—
Prone on the pier, above his bier,
The vultures flock the dawn.
Still, rest his bones where soldiers dwell,
Till the Long Roll they catch!
He fell the day that Richmond fell,
And took the first dispatch!

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

SUNDAY SPORTS IN BOSTON.

THE 50th chapter of the revised statutes of Massachusetts relates wholly to "the observance of the Lord's day, and the prevention and punishment of immorality." The first section provides that "no person shall keep open his shop, warehouse, or workhouse, or shall do any manner of labor, business, or work, except any works of necessity or charity, or be present at any dancing, or any public diversion, show, or entertainment, or take part in any sport, game, or play on the Lord's day." The second section provides "that no person shall travel on the Lord's day, except from necessity or charity." The third section provides "that no inn-holder, retailer of spirituous liquors, or other person keeping a house of public entertainment, shall entertain any persons, not being travelers, strangers, or lodgers, in his house on the Lord's day, or shall suffer any such persons on said day to abide or remain in his house, or in the yards, orchards, or fields appertaining to the same, drinking or spending their time idly or at play, or in doing any secular business." The ninth section provides that "all thything men, sheriffs, grand-jurors, and constables shall inquire into and inform of all offenses against the preceding provisions of this chapter, and shall cause the same to be carried into effect." We quote from an old edition of the revised statutes, but have no reason to think that any substantial changes have since been made.

So much for the statutes of the old Puritan Commonwealth. Now for their execution! We find the following paragraph in a leading Boston newspaper of Monday morning, the 29th of January:

"The road to Brighton yesterday (Sunday) was exceedingly animated, as were also the suburban hotels. We are told that at the leading hotel in Brighton there were full twenty-five hundred sleighs at one time yesterday

afternoon. The scene was lively, if not interesting. The hair-breadth 'scapes were numerous, and the speed among the fastest on record. The business at the hotels in the way of warming-up liquors was highly satisfactory to the proprietors thereof. In sleighing times there are supposed to be no Sundays which Jehus are expected to particularly observe."

The same paper contained the following:

"A popular Sabbath text: '240 and tail over the dasher.'"

The Boston papers of the same date give an account of a highly interesting secular lecture delivered on the evening of the same Sunday by a distinguished judge of the police or superior courts of Massachusetts, at which his honor the mayor of the city and other important official personages occupied seats on the platform. The subject of the judge's lecture is announced to have been "The Wars of England for the past Two Hundred Years, with special reference to the Conduct of the Mother Country toward the United States during our late struggle."

Meantime, we are informed that on the previous Sunday evening "the immortal music of Beethoven's Fidelio was performed as an oratorio," at the Boston Music Hall. The words "an oratorio" were doubtless inserted in the advertisement in order to evade the provisions of still another section of chapter 50 of the revised statutes of Massachusetts, which declares that "no person shall be present at any game, sport, play, or public diversion, except concerts of sacred music," upon the evening of the Lord's day. And so the operatic love-story of "Fidelio" is styled an oratorio for the occasion. "Don Giovanni" will probably be turned into an oratorio another time, more especially as at least one of its most celebrated airs is already adopted as a psalm tune.

Now we are not disposed to institute any invidious comparisons between Massachusetts or its capital city and other cities or states of the Union. There is wickedness enough everywhere, and we New Yorkers may perhaps be reproached with "beholding the mote that is in our brother's eye, and not considering the beam that is in our own eye." Nor are we inclined to insist too rigidly on the old puritanical strictness of Sabbatarian observance. But we do say that such contrasts between precept and practice, between the express letter of the law and the open life of the people, ought nowhere to be tolerated. Nothing can be of worse example or influence than the open and habitual violation of well-known statutes with perfect impunity. It is by no means safe to draw arbitrary discriminations between different enactments, and say this one shall be enforced but that one may be disregarded. We must cherish the great doctrine of the supremacy of the law; and the man who willfully violates the law by racing or driving on Sunday, or by going to an opera performed under the name of an oratorio, must not complain if other provisions of law are violated by his neighbor. If the statute-book is allowed to be brought into contempt on a Sunday, it is hardly likely that it will be treated with uniform respect on week-days. And if, as so many Christians believe, the observance of the Lord's day is a law of God as well as of man, what a double measure of responsibility is incurred by these Boston Sabbath-breakers! With what face can they demand with such vehemence the strict penalty of the law against those who have rebelled against the national Government whilst they themselves are in open rebellion against the laws of their own commonwealth, and, as many think, against the laws of their Creator also? We are not surprised to observe that a special council of the Congregational churches in Boston has been summoned to concert measures for

the revival of a better religious feeling in that city. It may be that this council will discover that the introduction of party politics into the pulpit of late years has been one great means of bringing the Lord's day into disrepute, and of habituating the people to secular occupations and entertainments on the day professedly consecrated to religion. If so, we trust it may not be too late to correct the evil.

GREAT MEN IN A SMALL WAY.

IT is a generally received theory that in every country, and under every form of government, an aristocracy of some sort must exist; and that necessarily it must be an aristocracy of rank, an aristocracy of wealth, or an aristocracy of education. This is a proposition which history has tended to establish, and which it is not our purpose to endeavor to disprove; but it apparently never occurs to the political or social economists who lay down this theory that it is quite possible to have an aristocracy without a code of aristocratic titles. The aristocracy of rank—except in the one instance which will be referred to presently—is necessarily excluded from the social grades of a republic, and it has been the misfortune of our countrymen that they have naturally deferred to the aristocracy of wealth. A ludicrous instance of this was mentioned in the daily journals a week or two since, resulting from the endeavors of a political quartet to gain an interview with the President, on the strength of the amount of money which they assumed to represent. One gentleman—the magnificent extent of whose quilted vest we can well imagine—wrote under his name the words, “the richest merchant in the globe!” and evidently considered that the bare mention of the fact should be amply sufficient to intimidate the President of a republic in which all men are professedly equal into granting him an audience, no matter how frivolous or vexatious his business might be. This single instance would be sufficient, were not the result at last attained, to open the eyes of the American public to the fact that the aristocracy of wealth is the most corrupt and ludicrously overbearing of all aristocracies, and a class not to be tolerated among a free people. An aristocracy of education or talent is naturally the one of slowest growth; but it is the only one at all compatible with so essentially democratic a form of government as ours. It is, moreover, the only aristocracy which can permanently exist without the vulgar symbol of a title.

The events of the past few years have naturally given birth to a military aristocracy, which is simply an excrescence from that which is generically termed an aristocracy of rank. At present major-generals, brigadier-generals, and colonels are a drug in the market; captains are as thick as blackberries, while, singularly enough, officers of an inferior grade to a captain are rarely to be met. We have not the slightest intention to depreciate the services of those who fought gallantly and earned their promotion at the point of the sword; but it certainly must be looked upon in the light of an anomaly that every third man you meet is addressed by the title of captain. So common is the title that it is fast approaching a term of contempt, and this results from your pleasing uncertainty as to what the gentleman to whom you are introduced may happen to be captain of. He may be a captain of a militia company, a captain of a mining gang, a captain of police, or a captain of a canal boat, and still be indisputably “captain.” The title gives a man a factitious importance to which, in the present state of affairs, it is difficult to attach any definite limit. He may have been the captain of a militia company in a small village for six months, or he may, with facile notions of the distinction in grade, have been only a sergeant-major, or he may never have been anything of the kind; and still by courtesy he is known as “captain,” and as the same courtesy which confers the title forbids an inquiry into the origin of it, it is possible that hundreds of men pass in society for captains whose nearest approach to the handling of an offensive weapon has been the measuring of a yard and a half of calico.

There is a natural desire among the vulgar for a

handle to a name. This is true not only in reference to their own names, but to the names of their pet idols or aversions. What, for instance, does “the Honorable Mr. So-and-so” mean? Everybody knows what it was originally intended to mean; but the title has been so freely dispensed by courtesy that “honorable,” as a prefix to a name, has come to mean very differently from what it should mean. A popular speaker, a political outsider of influence, a police justice, and a senator are alike “honorable,” so that the same indefinite importance attaches to them as to the irrepressible “captains” of social life. Supervisors, aldermen, common councilmen, and even persons in very subordinate positions of municipal responsibility are indiscriminately dubbed “honorable,” in defiance of the very genius of the Constitution, which is erected on the basis of the theory that republicans—we use the term in its catholic sense—are equal in theory and in fact. Even the simple grandeur of the title “President of the United States” is defiled by the unmeaning prefix “His Excellency” by many who have occasion to address whatever gentleman may be invested temporarily with the office, and the same spirit of toadyism permeates the less important ranks of society. Take, for instance, the term “judge.” A sharp lawyer may be termed “judge,” and tacitly assume the distinction without the slightest legitimate title to it. Sergeant Buzfuz, had he lived in New York in our day, would either have been “honorable” or “judge.” In the country districts a police-magistrate, whose only business is to arbitrate between justice and an urchin who has pilfered an apple, is unanimously known and referred to as “judge,” and the appellation probably sticks to him long after his mighty services to his country on the rural justice-seat cease to be remembered.

The same applies to hundreds of other terms—such as the inevitable “doctor”—which are freely bestowed upon everybody who becomes notorious in his profession, to the extent of the village in which he may happen to shine. We instance them because we Americans, who have been accustomed to sneer pretty freely at the elaborate titles which obtain in the old world, seem to be fast drifting into a state of popular feeling highly dangerous to the maintenance of our original customs as a republic. If an aristocracy is a necessary evil, at all events we are not bound to provide it with titles and an insignia of rank, and we shall show our sense and independence by encouraging in place of any other an aristocracy of intellect, which is alone compatible with a republican form of government.

JENKINS AT HOME.

IT affords us much pleasure to chronicle the return to his usual field of labor of that brilliant journalist, the Jenkins. His place has long been inadequately supplied by a host of ambitious though imperfect imitators; but the heart of every reader of our cotemporary, the *World*, must have been gladdened by recognizing, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 30, his own distinctive individuality of style in a florid account of the charity ball at the Academy of Music. Mark the simple grandeur of his exordium:

“THE ELITE AT THE ACADEMY—A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

“The Academy of Music, so long the courtly scene of the reunions of the *élite* during the palmy seasons of the opera, never held a more brilliant gathering than assembled in it last night to honor the ball of the Nursery and Child's Hospital. The audience was a signal illustration of metropolitan benevolence, for at the talismanic call of ‘charity’ the beauty, wealth, and intelligence of the city was represented in the vast and magnificent temple. Belles and beaux, paterfamilias and matrons, were in the fashionable throng—who, while moving in the graceful mazes of various quadrilles, were virtually performing the offices of Good Samaritans to the young by their presence. On no similar occasion has a more select concourse graced the Academy. It was, in all respects, peculiarly unexceptionable.”

As a specimen of gradual elevation of sentiment towards a culminating climax, we know of nothing in the English language which surpasses the concluding portion of the above paragraph. With the punctilious accuracy as to dates and figures which distinguishes our author, he continues:

“At half-past nine o'clock the lady managers of the institution entered the Academy, and they were immedi-

ately followed by the officers of the Nursery. Half an hour later, when a hundred equipages had come and gone, leaving their fair burdens, the scene was indescribably beautiful.”

Allowing two “fair burdens” to each “equipage” (and crinoline forbids a larger estimate), with a cavalier on the box, we have an aggregate of three hundred persons, a number, we should imagine, scarcely sufficing to crowd the “vast and magnificent temple” to the extent of an “indescribably beautiful scene.” And yet these three hundred (*teste* Jenkins) were so voluminously attired that

“The rustling sounds of magnificent and costly textures were soon ubiquitous inside. Ladies and their guardians continually swept past the circular corridors, and were soon distributed in the boxes, the tiers, and the floor.”

Nay, more than this:

“The latter was soon sufficiently thronged to render the Terpsichorean programme difficult, if not impossible.”

Now, an ordinary writer, after asserting the impossibility of dancing, would have been puzzled to reconcile with that statement a description of the “Terpsichorean programme;” but not so Jenkins! A Hibernian expedient suggests itself to his fertile imagination, and he thus escapes from his dilemma:

“But the desire for the quadrille alternately surmounted this obstacle, and hundreds moved in the first on the attractive list, to the attractive music of Sabatier.”

While confessing our inability to understand why the “Terpsichorean programme” should be designated an “obstacle,” or how this or any other obstacle can be “alternately surmounted,” we still proffer our humble tribute of admiration to the master mind which conceived so happy a solution of an apparently insurmountable difficulty.

But it is in descriptive eloquence that Jenkins excels himself! Witness the euphuistic flow of the following:

“A view of the scene from the central entrance at once exhibited its magnificence and vast proportions. The stage was curtained by a beautiful terrace, with pillared pediments, and, beneath, a pair of miniature aquarias were surmounted by playing fountains. Classical statues, holding candelabra, were on either side. The aspect presented in front was one which might be termed a carnival of lights and flowers, of gallants and beautiful women.”

“Curtained by a terrace!” How clear is the image thus presented to the mind's eye, and what accurate architectural knowledge is shown in the allusion to the “pediments” of this curtaining terrace—“pillared pediments” at that! We may wonder why a “pair of miniature aquarias” (singular, one aquaria; plural, two or more aquarias) should be placed beneath the stage, or why the “front aspect” of “classical statues” or of “playing fountains,” or even of the terrace, should be termed a “carnival of lights and flowers;” but as we proceed our trivial criticisms are hushed by veneration for the genius which finds in seeming commonplaces food for poetic contemplation:

“In addition to the decorations which adorned the scene there was one peculiarly suggestive. It was formed of jets, and presented, in letters of unusual brilliancy, the word

CHARITY.

So lost is Jenkins in the abstruse train of reflection prompted by this peculiar suggestion that he is led into what we cannot but consider a slight confusion of sense in the succeeding paragraph:

“Among the gentlemen present were General Viele, Hon. Mr. Niles, formerly United States Minister to Austria, Judge Kirkland, Mr. Samuel Barlow, Judge Russell, Hon. Erastus Brooks, General Tobriano, Judge Daly, Ex-Mayor Gunther, Mrs. General F—t, Mrs. S—l B—w, Mrs. J—s B—s, Mrs. M—y M—n J—s, and others.”

Implicit as is the reliance we usually repose upon our friend's statements, we are reluctantly forced to doubt the masculinity of members of the community who are not only wives but mothers. “*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*,” however—even Jenkins sleeps sometimes, and hypercriticism should be silenced in delight at his return to our city, and congratulations to the proprietors of the *World* that they have secured his invaluable services.

REVIEWS.

OUR CHOLERA PRESERVES.*

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist respecting the value of the purposes and projects of the Citizens' Association of New York on the subject of municipal reform, there can be but one mind about the wisdom they have shown in the organization of a consultative Council of Hygiene and Public Health, and the selection of fifteen medical men as members, each one having special fitness for the position. In view of an impending visit of Asiatic cholera the officers of the Association requested the council to prepare and publish a Report upon the progress of the present epidemic, which, for a year past, has been steadily making its westward march from its native haunts in the East, and, after ravaging the cities of the Nile and the basin of the Mediterranean, is threatening the coast and river towns of western Europe, and to suggest such preventive measures as "may be required to guard the people of our city and country against the pestilence."

Epidemic cholera is an exotic malady, having its birthplace and headquarters in the East Indies, induced by a migratory specific poison, which spreads, through atmospheric influence, by a kind of wave-like extension, and by a succession of local outbreaks, as well as by means of direct human intercourse, being carried in ships, foul clothes, and emanations from the bodies of the sick, which often become mixed with drinking water in wells and rivers. It is also established that the sites of election of the disease—the cholera preserves—are determined by certain "localizing causes," which are recognized conditions of general insalubrity and which are necessary to give vitality and energy to the poison.

Though it has been well remarked that, for cholera to be diffused over the earth, it must have three factors for its cultivation: 1, A center of pollution for its cradle; 2, A ship or other vehicle, foul clothes, or baggage of armies for its transport; 3, A number of towns properly prepared for its reception and development—it is no less certain that its general extension over the world cannot be accounted for by human intercourse alone. During the various visitations accurate histories of outbreaks have accumulated which absolutely exclude the possibility of direct importation. It suddenly appeared in one of the Western Islands when so little intercourse existed with the place that the clergymen of the island continued regularly every Sunday to pray for King William IV., as if he had been alive, eighteen months after Queen Victoria had ascended the throne. Cholera does not always travel by the shortest line or by the route of greatest intercourse between places. It has been shown that it may pass with extreme slowness against an adverse wind, which only retards its course, while a favorable one hastens its transmission. We must regard, then, atmospheric influence as one of the chief means of its universal diffusion.

All epidemics of cholera have exhibited the same characteristics in their progress. The fifth, on its grand march from east to west, is occupying its old well-trodden pathways, and repeating former warnings and lessons. Let us not be deaf to its teachings. An epidemic of cholera is never explosive. It is no night surprise. It gives as loud and distinct notice of its approach as a Chinese army with its beating of gongs and sounding of cymbals. There is unvarying premonition, and it is our own fault if we are caught slumbering. The unusual prevalence and severity of the so-called zymotic diseases, as typhus fever, small-pox, influenza, diarrhea, and epizootics, have invariably been noticed as preceding an outbreak of the pestilence, and skirmishers are thrown out ahead of the advancing column, for occasional cases of the malady happen in some favored locality in advance of the general assault. Certain meteorological conditions exist which favor the decomposition of organic substances, and render the season defective in those atmospheric changes which, by destroying and dispersing into space the products of decomposition, renew the purity of the air—a dense, misty, still, and oppressive atmosphere, high barometrical readings, and

absence of ozone. While cholera may prevail within a considerable range of temperature, a moderately elevated one is most suitable to its development. Heavy and continuous rain-falls check the disease, while light and intermittent rains favor its spread. Cholera follows the channels of commercial intercourse, keeps close by the water-sides, and establishes itself in the foulest and most overcrowded quarters of towns, and attacks those classes who dwell in foul air, are filthy in their habits, reckless in their habits and appetites, and suffer from insufficient diet. Here we have the "localizing causes" of cholera, and, indeed, of all pestilences. It has been proved beyond a doubt that the cholera fields and fever-nests of New York, London, and other towns occupy the same sites. In the epidemics of 1832, 1834, 1849, and 1854 its earliest and most fatal visits were to the foul, damp, undrained, and low districts of greatest insalubrity in our city, with their ill-ventilated and overcrowded tenement-houses, and their squalid, dangerous, and ill-fed population. Here pestilence is born, nourished by all the elements that can give it strength, fed by filth, favored by overcrowding, quickened by want of food, overwork, and mental depression, and distributed by intercourse and careless habits. Now we are told in this report that "the old cholera fields of New York are at the present moment more filthy, damp, and overcrowded than when in 1832 the pestilence first swept over them, and even more so than when the cholera revisited them in 1834, 1849, and 1854. . . . There is a series of cholera fields that embrace a vast populous area where death will early assert his claims, and fill block after block and street after street with the gloom of his inexorable presence" (p. 21). The records and survey of the cholera fields of New York in 1832, 1849, and 1854, coincident with the fever-nests, may be seen in the maps and charts prepared under the auspices of the council by their sanitary inspectors, and they should be at once brought under the supervision of the proper authority, and subjected to purification. Public measures of precaution should be immediately directed to these centers of epidemic intensity, where the localizing causes exist in the greatest degree, and these measures should not be desultory and spasmodic, but earnest and sustained until the offense is abated. Should the threatening epidemic visit our city it will at once fasten on these strongholds. It will not only kill a certain number of persons, and impose social and pecuniary burdens on the community, but thence the infection may be carried among the more favored classes. It will, also, create panic and public anxiety, which will seriously disturb the course of trade and prejudice our commercial interests. With the conviction that cholera, as a pestilence, is a preventable disease, and that its exciting causes are known and avoidable, we must set about the great work of cleaning. It should be the duty not only of the municipal authority, but of each householder, to take his share, until on every "lintel and door-post" be plainly written, Cleanliness. There should be systematic sanitary inquiry in every street, block, and tenement-house, with house-to-house inspection in the districts where foul-air diseases dwell by election, until the ventilation, dryness, and abiding cleanliness of every house and department shall be provided for; all putrefying garbage be removed; and every sink and latrine receive scrupulous daily care and thorough disinfection. We should bear in mind, too, that the "localizing causes" of pestilence are not peculiar to the back slum, but occasionally knock at the door of the comfortable annuitant and wealthy citizen; that overcrowding is not alone proper to tenement-houses, but may be found in the bedrooms and nurseries of many well-to-do homes, and in the dormitories of our schools and boarding-houses. Princely mansions may be tainted with sewer-air as well as the hovel in the filthiest purlieu. The escape-pipe of every sink and latrine may be the source of fatal poisoning. While the public authorities are doing their duty, let each man set his own house in order. When the late Prime Minister of England, then secretary of the Home Department, was applied to to appoint a fast-day at a period of anticipated pestilence, he gave this advice, which we may find wholesome and fitting at this time: "The best course," said Lord Palmerston, "will be to employ

the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring in planning and executing measures by which those portions of the towns and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will probably breed pestilence and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers of a united but inactive people." It is our duty, while seeking the favor of divine protection from the ravages of this dreaded scourge, seriously to undertake to put into practical operation the sanitary measures by which alone the destructive force of cholera as a pestilence can be averted. M. C.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CHINESE.*

HOWEVER inadequate and unsatisfactory may appear to some the results of the past efforts of the American Board to Christianize the Chinese, there is no gainsaying that a vast deal has been accomplished in the way of making that singular people a tolerably known quantity to the reading public of this country. The "Middle Kingdom" of Dr. Williams, who was in the employment of the Board some dozen years at Canton and Macao, is, on the whole, a most complete and instructive survey of the grand political and religious features of the Celestial Empire, comparing very favorably and, as we think, advantageously with the works of Sir John F. Davis, who is the great transatlantic authority upon this subject. And now the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, fourteen years a member of the Fuhchau Mission, has given us two solid duodecimo volumes upon the minor customs and peculiarities of the Chinese, that, for minuteness of investigation and painful accuracy of statement, cannot easily be surpassed. No one, indeed, who fairly examines the book but will be impressed with the thorough conscientiousness and truthfulness of the author. But lest there should be any doubt of it, we are furnished with a copious selection from the letters of missionaries, superintendents, editors, and English governors who have at different times been resident in China, all of whom unite in attesting to the fidelity of his descriptions and the great value of many of his additions to the fund of current knowledge. The name of Sir John Bowring, whose complimentary note heads the list, is in itself a sufficient guaranty for the veracity of the author.

We wish it were permitted us to let Mr. Doolittle's literary fate rest upon these grounds, and that we were at liberty to proceed at once to a consideration of the subject-matter of his volumes. But there are certain hard and exacting duties connected with the profession of critic that cannot easily be evaded, and therefore we are compelled to remark that there are not a few reservations to be made in regard to the manner in which our author has performed his work. In the first place his style is unpleasant, dry, chippy, and abounding in newspaper English. Everything "transpires," and nothing occurs. He never can say Europe or America, but always resorts to the phrase "western lands," which produces sometimes a very ludicrous effect. Occasionally we stumble across so ill-knit a sentence as the following:

"The fields are cultivated by means of the plow and the harrow, drawn by the water-ox or domesticated buffalo, and by the hoe and light pickax."

Curious as the customs and inventions of these yellow-faced Orientals indisputably are, we are yet disposed to doubt that they have succeeded in manufacturing a hoe or any other utensil that can assist the water-ox in drawing the plow. Mr. Doolittle perhaps imagines that the punctuation saves him from being absurd; but, in such case, he as much mistakes the power of the comma as he does that of the light pickax. The author moreover appears to entertain a very humble conception of his reader's capacity for deduction, a pertinent example whereof is to be found at the close of his description of the artificial fish-ponds:

"Ofentimes large quantities of the rich mud found in the ponds when the water is drawn off are taken and

* "Report of the Council of Hygiene and Public Health of the Citizens' Association of New York upon Epidemic Cholera and Preventive Measures." New York. 1855. Pp. 45.

* "Social Life of the Chinese: With some account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions." By Rev. Justus Doolittle. 2 vols. Pp. 459, 490. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

spread on the neighboring fields as manure. *The removal of the mud serves to make the ponds capable of holding more water and raising more fish.*

These are, however, the least of the faults of the book. "Facts," says Macaulay, "are the dross of history;" they are also, we very much fear, the *ignis fatuus* of Mr. Doolittle's "Social Life." His veracity, paradoxical as it may seem, is his primary defect. Eminently a literary Pre-Raphaelite, his wisdom is microscopic and near-sighted, so that he sees but a little way at a time, and never takes in the full scope of his subject. We doubt if there be a generalization throughout the whole nine hundred pages. The reader soon finds himself in a maze of minute details, that become more and more perplexing as he advances. Now there is a growing belief in America that the Chinese are an ill-understood people, and that a nation which has exhibited such nice economy in agriculture, which is possessed of a religious creed so tolerant and, all things considered, so large and pure, and which pays such manifest respect for education, while it is constant in its reward of talent, must have certain points of approach through which our western civilization may insert the wedge and infuse something of its own superior energy into the too stagnant oriental life. Mr. Doolittle had a splendid opportunity afforded him to help forward and to justify this new current of opinion, showing the virtues as well as the vices, entering into the philosophy of the question, and clearing away with a few strokes of the pen the thousand-and-one prejudices and misconceptions which now obstruct our right view of this remarkable race. That he was possessed of the material for the purpose is evident even from the most cursory study of his pages. But so far from improving the golden occasion, it has happened that, by his mode of presenting facts and his peculiar and liberal use of italics, he has been unsuspectingly led into representing the Chinese as the veriest machines, incapable of any act that is not tradition, as vivified mummies, as manikins in which, by a sort of spiritual auscultation, he is able to perceive the feeble rattling of a soul. This unfortunate deficiency in his mental vision is all the more calculated to do immense harm because, by patient and assiduous labor, he has succeeded in compiling such a mass of fresh and unusual information as will make his work a reference book to scholars for many years to come.

These strictures, into which we have been forced from a desire to mitigate in some degree the hurtful impressions which the work is certain to produce, cannot be more ungrateful to the author than they are to ourselves, and we are very glad that, in taking up the book to make quotations, our first extract will be one in which Mr. Doolittle relieves the Chinese from an unaccountable imputation. There is a widespread belief that the Celestials eat strange and peculiar dishes. Kitten cutlets, puppy pies, and bird's-nest soups are supposed to constitute the ordinary dishes in the tea country. Instead of this, we are told that their chief food is fruit and vegetables, of which they have an abundant supply. Peaches, plums, oranges, pears, shaddockes, pomegranates, grapes, watermelons, squashes, onions, lettuce, turnips, carrots, cucumbers, and tomatoes are home products, while they import pine-apples, plantains, cocoa-nuts, etc.:

"The Chinese at Fuhchau live principally on rice, fish, and vegetables. They never use bread at their meals, as people do in western lands. Wheat flour is used for making various kinds of luncheon and cakes. The most common meats are pork, the flesh of the mountain goat, and the flesh of the domesticated buffalo or water-ox, and the cow, ducks, geese, chickens, and fish from salt and from fresh water. There is never any veal or mutton in market. They never salt down beef or pork. Fuhchau bacon and hams are celebrated in eastern and southern Asia. . . . Oysters abound in the winter, and are very cheap, the usual price of clear oysters being between five and six cents per pound. Shrimps, crabs, and clams are plentiful."

The method of contracting marriages among the Celestials is very unique, and our author is at great pains to describe the numerous ceremonies which that important event occasions. It is regarded as a very serious act, and, consequently, all the endless burning of incense, seeking of oracles, ringing of bells, hanging up of memorial tablets, bowing before images, which are a part of their religion, enter into its solemnization. To an American this seems exceed-

ingly ridiculous, yet we question whether an Oriental might not find food for satire even in our simpler manners. For instance, the matrimonial advertisements which find their way from time to time into our daily papers are not less open to criticism than the following:

"It not unfrequently occurs that a rich family, having only one daughter and no boys, desires to obtain a son-in-law who shall be willing to marry the girl and live in the family as son. Sometimes a notice is seen posted up, stating the desire of a certain man to find a son-in-law and heir who will come and live with him, perhaps stating the age and qualifications of an acceptable person. In such a case, the parents of those who have a son whose qualifications might warrant such an application, and whom they would be willing to allow to marry on such terms, are expected to make application by a go-between, when the matter would be considered by the rich man. Sometimes the rich man makes application by a go-between to the parents of a young man whose reputation he is pleased with, and who perhaps may be a recent graduate, his name standing near the head of the list of successful competitors of the first or second literary degree. Occasionally such graduates, if unengaged and unmarried, cause a notice of the fact of their being unengaged in marriage, and their place of residence, to be posted up directly under their names, as they appear on the list when placarded in public, just after the successful competitors have been fixed upon by the examining officials. The object of thus publishing the fact is to afford an opportunity for those rich families who have unmarried and unengaged daughters to select them for their sons-in-law, hoping to receive a large sum of money besides a wife."

Mr. Doolittle has a great deal to say about the prevalence of infanticide in China. But he seemingly ignores the fact that this heart-sickening custom is a natural product of the recklessness of the people in regard to the laws of population. Marriage is enjoined as a duty. Illicit intercourse is everywhere allowed, although not legalized; and the result is that there exists a redundancy of human life, which taxes to the utmost even the great fertility of the soil. The effect on wages, in the unusual competition which necessarily prevails, is what might be anticipated. In the tea-districts, for example,

"Women and children can earn from three to six cents per day, according to their skill and celerity, they boarding themselves; while the young men receive from five to eight cents, besides their board, per day."

In the cities, where there are combinations and trade-unions in order to keep up the price of labor, the subjoined paragraph will show the current rates:

"Carpenters and masons obtain from twenty to thirty cents per day, boarding themselves. Hired men and women, who do coarse work in the fields or in houses as servants, generally receive from four to six dollars a month, and they board themselves. If their employers board them, they get from one to three dollars a month. Clerks and accountants receive from ten to thirty dollars per annum, with their board."

As a consequence, the mendicant class is almost unlimited in number. They fill the streets; they organize themselves into powerful and dangerous bands. Victor Hugo, in his "Notre Dame," has given us a startling picture of the beggars in Paris during the sixteenth century. This is what Mr. Doolittle relates of those he saw at Fuhchau:

"Sometimes the beggars visit the stores or shops in companies, with loud entreaties for pity, pounding on the floor or the counter, or making a deafening noise with gongs, in order to expedite the giving of a cash. A single lusty beggar, with his lungs and staff or gong, will make such a noise as to interrupt business entirely by drowning conversation, so that the shop-keeper, in a sort of self-defense, tosses him the cash he demands, when he goes away to vex or annoy another shop-keeper in the same manner. Some beggars carry a tame snake with them, coiled about their persons, or held in their hands, or fastened on a stick. Others have a heavy brick, or large stone, with which they pound their bodies, either standing or after having laid themselves down on their backs in the street before the shop whence they expect the pittance. Some have a monkey, which they have taught to perform amusing tricks; others, on presenting themselves in or before a shop, commence a song in the mandarin or in the local dialect, keeping time with bamboo clappers held in one hand. The clothing they wear is generally both scant and exceedingly filthy. Some have on little or nothing more than an old piece of matting thrown over their shoulders or tied around their persons."—Pp. 259-60.

We had marked a great many more passages touching upon educational and governmental topics, which would go to show that the faults of China are not unlike those of our western civilization; that their superstitions have European parallels; and that their religious ceremonies are scarcely more than exaggerations of those of Italy (though destitute of the infinitely higher and pure faith which underlies the latter); but there must be a limit to everything, and

a faithful performance of the task would fill up every column of this issue. We cannot, however, bring this notice to a close without calling attention to the great mechanical excellence displayed in the getting up of the book. Nothing could be more appropriate and admirable than the external appearance of these volumes; and though the engravings are not quite in correspondence, yet considering the price of the work, they are as good as we have a right to expect.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Natural History. A Manual of Zoology for Schools, Colleges, and the General Reader.*" By Sanborn Tenney, A.M., author of "Geology," etc., and Professor of Natural History in Vassar Female College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This book is dedicated to those who believe that the leading facts and principles of natural history should be taught in all the schools of this country. Its avowed object is to acquaint students with the leading facts and principles of zoölogy, one of the departments of natural history. In some respects this book is an improvement upon its predecessors in this department. The typographical execution and the illustrations are superb. The homologous parts of the different classes of vertebrates, the names of every bone and kind of feathers of birds, and the Portuguese man-of-war, are admirably illustrated. The technical names of the different animals are those approved by the highest authorities. The book contains no fables: neither narrating the wonderful resistance of the salamander to fire, nor the romantic voyages of the nautilus, spreading sails to the breeze. And the classification is invariably up to the times, except when the author follows his own fancy, instead of adopting arrangements suggested by masters in the science. Thirty-seven-thirty-eighths of this book consist of an illustrated catalogue of the animal kingdom, mostly confined to North American illustrations. The remaining thirty-eighth part consists of the introduction, principles of the science, and the conclusions, or what should have occupied at least one-fourth of the whole. Consequently, when one wishes to ascertain the meaning of the terms used, he must search all over the book in hope of finding them incidentally explained, and then be disappointed. For example: Dental formulæ are given with no explanation of their meaning, and no beginner can possibly understand them without definitions. The author ought to have specified the distinctions between the classes and orders before presenting descriptions of the animals constituting them. The pupil will understand that the monkey has four hands, and that a lion is carnivorous, but will be at a loss to know the technical differences between their respective orders. The most important distinction in the whole animal kingdom—the characteristic difference between men and apes—is not alluded to.

A leading defect in this catalogue is that portions of it are unduly expanded at the expense of the rest. Four-fifths of the descriptions are confined to the vertebrates, which constitute about one-seventeenth part of the animal kingdom. One-eighteenth part of the descriptions apply to the mollusca, and the same to the radiata, which, together, are more important than the vertebrates. The descriptions of birds occupy four-ninths of the space allotted to vertebrates, while their importance is about one-third. And the descriptions often embrace minutiae inappropriate for beginners.

The title of the book is unfortunate. Upon the cover it is called "Natural History," also at the head of the title-page. Now this is a generic term embracing besides zoölogy, botany, geology, paleontology, mineralogy, etc. It is, therefore, as inappropriate to print these words upon the back of a zoölogical treatise as to employ only the title "poetry" on the cover of "Hiawatha" or "In Memoriam."

No branch of natural science is so interesting as zoölogy; and the author's efforts to introduce its study into schools are laudable, and we trust will be successful. We plead, however, for an improvement in subsequent editions. Let the principles of the science be stated systematically in introductory chap-

ters, and let the descriptions of the animals be published as an appendix, preceded by analytical tables, like the methods commonly employed in the manuals of the kindred science of botany. Pupils would then be able to study animals structurally, just as they now do plants. The author who will produce such a book will confer a favor upon the cause of education.

"The Life of the Rev. Robert Baird, D.D." By his son, Henry M. Baird, Professor in the University of the City of New York. Pp. 347. A. D. F. Randolph.

It will be three years the coming March since the death of Dr. Baird. During that time there has been a very general desire that some worthy record of his life and labors should be given the public. The wish is at last gratified by the appearance of this compact and beautiful volume, written by Prof. Henry Baird, and published by Mr. Randolph. The portrait of Dr. Baird which embellishes the volume is so natural and lifelike that one can hardly believe that he is not actually looking once more upon those radiant and not easily forgotten features. Dr. Baird, by an assiduous and consistent life, most of it devoted to public benevolence, acquired an enduring name, and it is pleasant, indeed, to follow back over his laborious career. As a traveler in foreign lands, no American has had such remarkable experiences. He was presented to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, and, with some, enjoyed relations of personal friendship. In Russia he was permitted privileges which no other American has ever enjoyed. The various missions which he undertook, at first the cause of temperance and afterwards the more general work of extending the distribution of the Scriptures, and with it Christian evangelization, led him to every part of Europe, and gave him a very extended reputation. He was admired and honored wherever he went. In Sweden he was looked upon as a "public benefactor;" and in France, where the most of his work was accomplished, he was universally respected. Out of his efforts grew the society known as the American and Foreign Christian Union, and he was the president of this organization at the time of his death in 1863. Intellectually, he did not aspire to excel, but in quiet and persistent Christian labor he found ever increasing enjoyment. Dr. Baird merits the most grateful remembrance of every American. It was his dignified bearing and Christian earnestness that made him a favorite at the courts of kings and queens, and which left a worthy impression of our country wherever he went. And especially must every true friend of benevolence and Christian effort rejoice to cherish the goodly name of one so fervent and simple, yet grand, in his faith.

"Monteith's Physical and Intermediate Geography; in two parts." By James Monteith. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 1866. Pp. 88.

This is one of the most instructive text-books for children on the subject of geography that we have ever seen. The first part, comprising more than half of the book, is devoted to physical geography—a subject generally reserved for advanced scholars in high schools and for students in colleges. How to make this intelligible to children of ten or twelve years of age is no easy task; yet Mr. Monteith has succeeded admirably. Starting with the Scriptural record of the creation, the pupil is taught the most approved theory of the formation of the earth, until, ere he is aware, he has mastered the outlines of one of the greatest, as it is one of the most attractive, of the sciences. This book is profusely illustrated throughout, but the maps are not quite as complete as the work deserves.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE circulation which certain works of no particular merit have attained in this country is almost incredible, and not to be accounted for on any rational principles of criticism. Books which the trade would not publish, or, publishing, could not sell, are disposed of by other means to the extent of fifty or one hundred thousand copies. A case in point occurs to us now—that of "The Nurse and Spy," a volume we have not seen, but which, we imagine, contains a woman's experience of the war. It has already netted for its publisher, who resides, we believe,

in Hartford, the insignificant trifle of fifty thousand dollars. It was not published in the ordinary sense of the word—we doubt, indeed, whether the majority of the trade ever heard of it—but sold by subscription, the agents being women, or, to speak more after the fashion of our countrymen, ladies, who, we dare say, were young and pretty, and who, we hope, made a good thing of it as well as the lucky publisher. The idea of employing them for such a purpose—in other words, of uniting literature and pretty-waiter-girlism—was a novel one, and it seems to have been very happily received. A second case in point is that of Mr. Headley's "Life of Washington," one of his "failures," as Beau Brummell used to say of his floored cravats, which his publisher could only sell some fifteen hundred copies of, but which, in the hands of a subscribing bookseller, reached a circulation of eighty thousand copies, and carried the united names of Headley and Washington ("blest pair of sirens") where they would not otherwise have gone—among the highways and byways of the land, where Cobb is a classic, and Timothy Titcomb a Titan. It would be instructive in this connection to know the sale of Hawthorne's romances and Emerson's essays, "books which are books." If either have reached one quarter of the circulation of the works we have just named we shall be glad to learn the fact, and will look more hopefully than we can at present to the future of American literature.

THERE are several things for which almost every American of average intelligence believes himself capable; one is the keeping of a hotel, another the editing of a newspaper. A third must now be added, in the shape of new magazines, which are starting or threatening to start, in scores. We announced the "Town and Country" week before last, since which time a second magazine has been conceived, and, if our information be correct, will soon appear. It is to be edited, rumor says, by a couple of young gentlemen of ample experience and large capital, backed by a large corps of talented writers, though where the last are to be obtained goodness only knows. As that part of the enterprise, however, concerns the editors rather than ourselves, we shall not dwell upon it. One thing is pretty certain about these new magazines, and that is, if they benefit nobody else, they are likely to benefit those who write for them—while they last. So, looking to the interests of our authors, we say, the more the merrier. The name of the new periodical, which is to be published in this city, has not yet been made public. It may be looked for about the first of March.

A COUPLE of our publishers sailed recently for foreign parts—Mr. J. R. Osgood, of the firm of Ticknor & Fields, for Europe; and Mr. George W. Carleton, for Peru. We presume it is business which takes them abroad—in the first instance with English authors, and in the second with the natives and institutions of South America; for, we believe, it is Mr. Carleton's intention to publish, on his return, a series of sketches, similar to those in "Our Artist in Cuba."

It is curious to observe the different ways in which nature is regarded by the poets of different lands. Mr. Ruskin, if our memory does not play us false, has in some of his writings a dissertation on this theme, in which he endeavors to prove the healthiness of the Greek nature of the old time as contrasted with the morbidness of the English nature of to-day, basing his argument on the fact that the cosmical phenomena were looked upon objectively by Homer and subjectively by Tennyson and his followers—a fallacious course of reasoning, to say the least. There are as accurate pictures of scenery in Theocritus as in Tennyson, and as exceptional studies of nature and passion—witness "The Cyclops," which goes to prove that poets are what they are, and were, not because they lived in ancient or in modern times, in Greece or in England, but because their Creator gave them a distinctive character, or because, as Dr. Watts said,

"God hath made them so."

How the English and American poets have painted winter we know, or can know, with a little rummaging over the shelves of our bookcase. Not so, however, with the Persian poets, one of whom pictures in this fashion "the ruler of the inverted year," as he saw it, or dreamed of it, centuries ago, in Persia:

A WINTER SCENE.

It is a morn in winter,
The air is white with snow
And on the chinar branches
Jasmins seem to grow.

The furrowed fields and hill-tops
With icy treasures shine,
Like scales of silver fishes,
Or jewels in a mine.

The bitter wind has banished
The silent nightingale,
And the rose, like some coy maiden,
Is muffled in a veil.

Its silver song of summer
No more the fountain sings,
And frozen are the rivers
That fed the bath of kings!

No flower-girls in the market,
For flowers are out of date;
And the keepers of the roses
Have shut the garden-gate.

No happy guests are drinking,
Their goblets crowned with vine,
For gone are all the merchants
That sold the merry wine!

And gone the dashing women,
Before the winds and snows;
Their summer souls have followed
The nightingale and rose!

MR. HENRY R. STILES proposes to publish by subscription "A History of the City of Brooklyn, from 1636 to 1866." Drawing his materials from colonial and other documents in the state archives, from county, town, village, and city records, family manuscripts, and numerous private sources of information, he intends to make his work as thorough as possible, tracing the history of Brooklyn as a village, and a town, to the city that it is now—the third, we believe, in the Union. His work which will form a volume of six hundred pages crown octavo, will be illustrated by plans, maps, portraits, and other illustrations prepared expressly for it. The subscription price is seven dollars and fifty cents per copy. An edition, limited to seventy-five copies, will be printed on large paper, at twenty dollars per copy.

MR. W. L. SHOEMAKER writes pleasantly and musically concerning the mystical wintry personage known to childhood as "Jack Frost," but considered by him as a magician of weird powers:

THE WIZARD FROST.

THERE is a Norland wizard wight,
From icy realms a rover,
That Southward takes his airy flight
When summer days are over.
Invisibly he comes and goes,
In strange, fantastic manner;
The North for him his trumpet blows;
The snow-cloud is his banner.

'Tis Winter's necromancer, Frost,
By whom he's aye attended;
Without whose aid his power were lost;
His dark reign soon were ended:
Who works his wonders all for him,
And, breathing wintry weather,
From bare gray field, and woodland dim,
Frights bird and bee together.

The flowers first feel his subtle spells,
When slyly hies he hither;
They cease to toll their tiny bells;
They blacken, droop, and wither.
Then, as if grieved to see that these
Have left the dull earth duller,
With magic art he paints the trees
With many a lovely color.

The leaves awhile in glory glow,
He resting from his labors;
Anon he strips them off, as though
With million viewless sabres.
With bridges solid as the ground
He spans the larger waters,
And throws a glittering chain around
The woodland's sparkling daughters.

To regions far above the earth
His mystic might extending,
The crystal snow-flakes have their birth,
In silvery showers descending.
Within our homes he steals at night,
With breath as cold as ice is,
And on each window takes delight
To draw most quaint devices.

Sometimes the slant sun waxing warm,
His beams this wizard banish;
And fogs the face of day deform,
Wherein his traces vanish;
But soon comes back the cunning elf,
When night is in the ascendant,
And turns the watery veil itself
To broodery resplendent.

He hangs it round on every tree,
Stake, rock, wall, roof, and gable,
A frail, fair web of witchery,
As beauteous as unstable.
Sure never sovereign queen did wear
A fabric woven finer
Than this is, out of misty air
Wrought by this weird designer.

When Night her chilly tears lets fall,
His miracles attend her,
To threaded pearls transforming all,
And studs of starry splendor.
The rain, too, feels his glamor,
Changed by this rare magician
To gems of blazing brilliancy
That daze our marveling vision.

And thus this wonder-working wight,
From icy realms a rover,
His magic weaves by day and night,
Till Winter's rule is over.
Then flowers he finds upon his track,
That from his spells have risen,
And, baffled, hies with Winter back
To his bleak polar prison.

W. J. WIDDLETON's latest issue, "Poems relating to the American Revolution, by Philip Freneau, with an Introductory Memoir and Notes, by Evert A. Duyckinck," 8vo, pp. 288, is an interesting collection of the Revolutionary poems of the popular poet, of that day, whose ready rhymes cheered the hearts of his patient friends, and rang defiance to their foes. From the four preceding editions of his works (published in 1786, 1788, 1795, and 1809) these poems have been culled, and the author's latest revised text has in all cases been selected, and where changes of any interest were made by him, the variations have been pointed out in a note. The editor has largely increased the interest of the work by his appreciative memoir, and the full notes which he has added. A new and, indeed, the only portrait of Freneau extant is presented, together with a fac-simile of his manuscript. The paper on which the book is printed is somewhat too thin, otherwise the work bears the usual neat style of Mr. Widdleton's publications. An edition on large paper, limited to 100 copies, is also published for subscribers, and we trust that Mr. Widdleton will feel encouraged to carry out his wish to publish the Indian, sentimental, and humorous poems of Freneau in a similar style, and under the same able editorship.

FOREIGN.

THE Rev. J. H. Newman, or Father Newman, as they call him in England, has recently published a poem, entitled "The Dream of Gerontius," which is variously spoken of by the critics, but which certainly contains indications of poetical power. Witness this extract from the speech of Gerontius in his struggle with Death:

"I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid frame-work of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And, crueler still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind with many a loathsome curse,
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
Some angel, Jesu! such as came to thee
In thine own agony.
Mary, pray for me, Joseph, pray for me,
Mary, pray for me."

And this from the soliloquy spoken by his soul when just parted from the body:

"Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel."

Equally good is this, which is spoken by an angel to the soul of Gerontius:

"ANGEL. When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for him,
And feel as though thou couldst but pity him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in his pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from his sight;
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
Within the beauty of his countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for him, when thou seest him not,
The shame of self at thought of seeing him,—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory."

"Looking at 'The Dream of Gerontius' as a poem," says the *Athenaeum*, "apart from its theology, we must credit its author with an imagination at once vigorous and delicate. The subtlety with which he translates himself into the supposed feelings of the soul after death, and makes conjecture wear an aspect of fitness and truth, deserves, as we have before intimated, high praise. The substance of the poem is, however, more imaginative than its style. With a little more power to clothe his ideals in forms of external beauty, Father Newman would have given us a work not only of high thought, but of true poetry."

THE reader of Sheridan's laughable comedy, "The Critic" (we say *reader*, rather than *seer*, for the piece has not been produced in this country within our recollection), may remember a little dissertation by one of its characters, *Puff* himself, we believe, on the different species of puffs which obtained in his day, and in which he was a proficient—as the puff direct, the puff oblique, the puff by implication—and of which, and others whose names do not now occur to us, samples were given. The art of puffery was reduced to a system as ingenious as it was doubtless effective. Well, something of the same sort, only a thousand times more artistic, obtains in Paris, where an ordinary advertisement is christened *annonce Anglaise*, while the finer effects of the art are known as *réclames*, *faits-divers*, and what not besides. They have their professors of puffery in Paris, one of whom, and apparently the most skillful of the number, has lately disclosed the secrets of his profession. M. Villemessant, for such is his name, came up to Paris a good many years ago, a young man from the country, and, inventing a new style of puff, the *Courrier*, started a fashionable journal, *La Sylphide*, wherein he displayed his genius. "I set about finding," he says, "a female chronicler of the fashions; not one of those *comtesses* or *marquises* of carnival, whose titles are derived from the golden book of pseudonyms, but a real lady of the fashionable world; and I was lucky enough to put my hand on one of the true aristocracy of the empire, who signed her articles with the high-sounding name of the Duchesse d'Abrantès." The *Courrier* is a list of the supposed necessities of the *beau monde*; a catalogue of silks, satins, perfumes, ornaments, jewels, and other wonders and mysteries of the female toilet, cleverly drawn up by the only hand that is capable of such delicate workmanship—a woman's, and containing special mention of the manufactures of Madame A., Monsiuer B., Mademoiselle C., supposing the trio were willing to pay handsomely for such a mention, meaning puff. "I was unable," says M. Villemessant, "to put together thirty lines of an article, but I was soon master of all the slides and strings, and no one knew better than I did how to inspire a *réclame*, or to put my finger on the sensitive chord of the advertiser." He then gives a specimen of his new work-shop, in the following *réclame élégique*:

"A GRISSETTE'S LEGACY.—Last Sunday the occupants of a house in the Rue Saint-Honoré were in chase of a canary, which was flying about their premises, having come from nobody knew where. The pursuit was all the more eager from the fact that the bird had a piece of paper attached to its neck by a thread. At length the little creature was made captive, the paper detached, unfolded, and read. Its contents were as follows: 'Poor, ill, without work or any other resource, I know not what will become of me. I am only twenty, but I will not lead a life of shame! I have decided: all will be ended to-night. The only friend I have in the world is this little bird, which I set at liberty! I implore the person who may catch it to take great care of it. It sings so sweetly, poor little thing! Signed, Marie.' The bird was taken by M. —, proprietor of the establishment of the Rue —, who gave it asylum, and watches over it with religious care."

The success of this was so great that the proprietor of the "establishment" in question was compelled to buy a canary, and hang its cage up in his shop. He bought one that did not sing, but that made no difference; for, we dare say, most who saw it agreed with the romantic lady who had read the story, when she exclaimed, "Poor little thing, it mourns for its mistress!"

M. Villemessant relates several anecdotes concerning the modesty of his patrons, one of whom, a perfumer, was indignant at being called the "*demi-dieu* of perfumers." "*Demi-dieu*—and pray who is the *dieu* of perfumers—M. — or M. —?" A second, a tailor, said: "I have a horror of a large amount of puffery; when you speak of me, say simply, *Le dieu de la mode*; no more!" At first the *Courrier* was confined to the lesser journals; but one day M. Villemessant went to M. de Girardin, whose journal, *La Presse*, was becoming a success, and made a proposition to him, the force of which he saw at once. "I will give you," he said, "the *feuilleton* of *La Presse* once a week; you will do what

you please with it, but you must take care that the matter is well managed. You shall give me a hundred francs a week, and pay me a month in advance." The first thing was to pay the money, the second to make the *feuilleton* pay. Both feats were accomplished. The next morning M. de Girardin received his subsidy, and shortly afterwards M. Villemessant found a noted Parisian goldsmith, who gave him an order for twelve hundred francs for five notices of his "establishment," of from five to twelve lines each. In a word, his fortune was made; or, as he says, "I found gold on the very surface, and had only to stoop to pick up orders."

We have given an indication of "the art of puffery," to use a harsh phrase, as it is now practiced in Paris, according to the confessions of one of its most talented *artistes*, and, it must be confessed, it puts the English and American systems to shame. Beside the clever devices of M. Villemessant, the transparent *ruses* of Napoleon B. Quiggs and Julia Carey Rhinehardt, and other puff-makers of Smith Brothers & Co., are "a weak invention of the enemy."

MR. WILLIAM FULFORD, with the hardihood of a young writer, has entered the lists against the laureate with a poem on Sir Launcelot, which, of course, is not successful as a whole. Much better than this ambitious effort are some of the sonnets in the same volume, of which this is not an unfavorable specimen:]

"Profane not beauty, calling it a show,
A gawd of little worth that soon will pass;
By thy sweet face, my love, none finds it so
Who sees its image in so true a glass.
To look on forms less fair but makes me feel
What joy to gaze on thine; what loss to me
If Time from those soft lines one grace should steal,
And I should miss what 'tis so sweet to see.
Not that my love would cease, thy beauty gone;
My soul, being won, is thine betide what may;
Yet who could lose a treasure once his own,
Nor grieve at heart that it should pass away?
Thy beauty, though not thou, is yet of thee
A part so true, it must be loved by me."

MR. ARTHUR MUNBY has lately published a volume of "Verses, New and Old," which possesses more than the average share of merit. Here is a taste of his quality:

"Summer, as rich in shadows as in suns,
Spreads her thick foliage thicker every day;
She is most bounteous; her free spirit shuns
To give and take away."

"But thou, grave autumn, dealest otherwise;
Creating noble color, and, withal,
Rifling the woods that bear it, till our eyes
Can penetrate them all."

"And then, what hidden wonders do we see!
What half-forgotten glimpses of our past,
Vailed since the spring, though each dismantled tree
Peer out again at last!"

"Love them or hate, we cannot but behold;
Gable and church, gray turret and blue hill,
Or bran-new horror built with recent gold—
All are before us still."

"So, if the great sea ebb, full many a wreck
Above the branching coral grimly towers;
Full many a ragged skeleton on deck
Lies deep in living flowers."

"So, when the mists of life rise up and poise
Along the crumbling edges of the grave,
What quick regrets, what keen remembered joys,
The weak heart has to brave!"

"Yes, thou canst show us some things; canst betray
The gaunt square mansion or the ruined wall;
Thou, autumn, dost it for us every day;
And memory is thy thrall."

"But not the baring of the summer trees,
Nor dying down of tall, obstructive flowers,
Nor poise of mists above the yellow leas,
Nor glow of sunset hours;"

"Not all that thou canst do or we can dream,
Wins for our purblind souls this one poor bliss—
To see beyond and through the things that seem
To that which only is."

THE Early English Text Society has just issued to its subscribers the sixth, seventh, and eighth of their Texts for the past year, viz.: "Merlin, or the Early History of Arthur" (ab. 1450-60 A.D.), Part I., edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.; "The Monarchie, and Other Poems," by Sir David Lindsay, Part I., edited from the First Edition of 1552 by Fitzedward Hall, D.C.L.; and "The Wright Chaste Wife," a Merry Tale, by Adam of Cobham (ab. 1462); and "A Poem on Women," from a Lambeth M.S.

PROF. MASSON, who lectured recently in Edinburgh on Milton, has a notion that "Paradise Lost" was dictated bit by bit, a few lines a day, to any person who might call on the poet, and not, as the painters have been pleased to fancy, to his daughters, who were undutiful, as we have heard before, but hardly, we think, to the extent that Prof. Masson would have us believe.

MR. JOHN TIMBS, an indefatigable and clever compiler,

has recently published a couple of readable volumes on the "Club Life of London," abounding in anecdotes of famous club-men, worthy of the olden time. Here is the substance of his account of the once celebrated convivialist, Capt. Morris, whose collected songs, published by Bentley some twenty or more years ago, make a couple of solid volumes. Morris was no poet, though he appears to have been a good and very long-winded singer:

"For half a century Charles Morris moved in the first society, mixing freely with the Prince of Wales, Charles Fox, Lord Moira, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Egremont, Sheridan, etc. Morris's means were small, and to the credit of Jockey of Norfolk be it stated, the noble duke afforded him a beautiful retreat at Brockham, in Surrey, upon the banks of the river Mole, and at the foot of the noble range of which Box Hill forms the most picturesque point. Some of Morris's ballads and songs are admirable. A proof of their popularity is, that they have gone through about thirty editions. The captain was as fond of London as good Dr. Johnson, as appears from the lines:

"In town let me live then, in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I,
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

"Morris continued to be the laureate of the Beef Steak Club till 1831, when he retired, in his eighty-sixth year. He lived at Brockham till July 11, 1838, when he expired, in his ninety-third year. He retained his spirits and gayety of heart to the last, so that he truly remonstrated:

"When life charms my heart, must I kindly be told
I'm too gay and too happy for one that's so old?"

THE commendable European custom of placing mural tablets in the houses where great men have lived and died is about to be acted upon by the municipality of Turin, who have resolved to affix such memorials in Alfieri Street for Alfieri, in the Via delle Orfane for Silvio Pellico, in the Borgini Street for Borgini, Cesare and Prospero Bulbo; and in the street of Santa Theresa for Plana, the celebrated astronomer and pupil of Lagrange. The custom prevails to a limited extent in England, the houses which Milton, for instance, occupied being so marked—one of them, in London, at the expense of the late William Hazlitt, who resided at one time in the same building. We should be glad to see the custom carried out here at some future period, when we shall have one or two really great names in literature. At present it might be well to mark Hawthorne's residences, and, possibly, those of Washington Irving.

THE latest German additions to Shakespeariana are "Shakespeare's Hamlet seinem Grundgedanken und Inhalte nach erläutert von Dr. August Döring," and "Aufsätze über Shakespeare von Professor C. Hebler. The character of Hamlet is the basis of both works.

THE forthcoming "Edinburgh Review" will contain a paper on the vexed question, "Was Shakespeare a Roman Catholic?"

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S recent volume on Charles Lamb is not an exhaustive biography, but a study of the man, his friends, haunts, and books, executed with a loving hand, and with considerable force and spirit. It contains little that is new, if we may judge by the criticisms of it that we have seen, but the old material is wrought into a pleasant piece of mosaic work. We hope for something more complete in the promised biography, by Barry Cornwall, who was for years one of Lamb's intimate friends and one of his most valued correspondents.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. J. MUNSELL, of Albany, has issued a beautifully printed, and well written historical work entitled "History of Lake Champlain, from its first Exploration by the French, in 1609, to the close of the year 1814," by Peter S. Palmer. Albany, N. Y., 1866. 8vo, pp. 276. Also, "Random Recollections of Albany from 1800 to 1808," by Gorham A. Worth. Third edition, with notes by the publisher. Albany, N. Y., 1866. 8vo, pp. 144. The first two editions of this pleasant, gossipy book, by the well-known president of the City Bank of New York, have long been out of print, and its present handsome re-issue, copiously illustrated as it is, and greatly enriched with biographical notes by the antiquarian-printer, Munsell himself, will be welcomed by many.

THE Hon. Teunis G. Bergen, of Brooklyn, has just published "The Bergen Family, or the Descendants of Hans Hansen Bergen, One of the first settlers of New York and Brooklyn." This handsomely gotten up genealogical work, of 298 octavo pages, is very carefully and thoroughly done, and is well illustrated by portraits of the Bergens, engraved on wood, and excellent likenesses they are.

THE REV. F. D. Maurice has in the press "Chapters

from English History on the Representation and Education of the People."

MR. THOMAS TOD STODDART will shortly publish "An Angler's Rambles among the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland."

MR. F. A. SWARZENBERG has in preparation a life of the late Alexander von Humboldt.

M. DUMAS fils will soon publish a new novel entitled "Affaire Clémenceau, Mémoire de l'Accusé."

PERSONAL.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE'S remains were placed in the English grave-yard at Florence, near those of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Florence.

WILLIAM CARLETON, the Irish novelist, who is now seventy years old, is in failing health, and his friends are exerting themselves to procure for him an increase of £50 to his literary pension.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY, poet, traveler, and art critic, has an article in the last number of "Notes and Queries" on a subject which had often struck us, viz., "Shakespeare's Silence concerning Smoking," and he promises others on "Shakespeare's Silence about Scotchmen and Silver Forks." A very readable volume might be made by pursuing the subjects, as indicated above, though it might shock the notions of a certain class of Shakespearians, who affect to find everything in their idol.

ART.

PICTURE SALES.

THERE is a theory that war is usually followed by pestilence, or earthquakes, or some other angry demonstration of nature. As yet nature has been merciful to us during the months of returned peace, but art has been volcanic and vengful, as anybody can attest who has regularly attended the innumerable picture sales that have taken place since the setting in of winter. The city is literally flooded with pictures. Day after day new announcements are made of the sales of private collections, mostly belonging to the estates of some deceased persons. The amount of dross in these collections is generally great in proportion to the true metal—at least, where the so-called "old masters" are in question. Where the collection consists chiefly of works by modern European and American artists, it is plain sailing for connoisseurs, who have not, in such cases, to puzzle their heads over the authenticity of a monogram, or of a picture destitute of any monogram. Hence the lively prices realized by modern pictures, and the melancholy ones often brought by some really good picture of dubious affiliation. For days before a sale, the galleries where the pictures are on show are crowded from morning until night, and it is curious to observe the heterogeneous throngs of people that continually come and go. There are always a great number of very old ladies to be seen in these crowds, and it is difficult to imagine why they come, as they never look at the pictures, but usually sit around the stove and look at each other instead. Perhaps they are there to keep a watchful eye on the young ladies who also throng these galleries—many of them for the love of art, as you may see by their absorption in the pictures; others for the love of show, as you may see by their absorption in their finery. Then there are men to be seen in the crowd who seem to have no idea upon art beyond the commercial one. They stand very close to the pictures, occasionally touching them, as if to test the soundness of the dry goods on which they are painted. They also examine the frames with great minuteness, and treat the "articles" in general much as they might second-hand sofas or chairs. Early in the day the catalogues are generally all run out, having mostly been taken up by people who do not appear to have the remotest shadow of use for them. The old ladies about the stove frequently have two or three of them on their laps a-piece. We hear of so much a pound given for old pamphlets, and it is possible that people may speculate in catalogues, the aggregate of which after a season of picture sales might be worth a few dollars to an assiduous collector. It is rare to see any of the millionaires at these picture sales; they have usually viewed the pictures beforehand, and send their agents to bid for such as they may wish to acquire. A salesman of pictures is usually a wonderful, if not fearful, kind of man. About pictures, as such, his mind is not usually very lucid. He has all the hard names of the masters at the tip of his tongue, though; and the *glaneurs* make a note in their catalogues of his pronunciation of Koek Koek—a name which always carries us back to the "frogs" of Aristo-

phanes. When bidding wavers, he generally tells an anecdote about the artist then under the hammer, and cries shame on the stolidity of connoisseurs who could let such a chance pass!

The sales at the Somerville and Düsseldorf galleries last week were attended by great numbers of picture fanciers and dealers. At the former the prices brought were, in some cases, very much over, and in others hardly equal, to the value of the pictures bought. "The Little Cheat," by Gerard, took its full meed at \$450, as did also "The Last Spoonful," by the same artist, at the same figure. One hundred dollars for a "Landscape with Ducks," by Lemmens, was a small price for anything by that artist; not that we think his picture worth more in the present instance, but Lemmens is a favorite here, and that exercises a great influence in the picture market. "The Canary Fanciers," by Col, brought \$340—a price due rather to the amount of finish displayed in it than to any great artistic merit. Robbe's "Landscape with Sheep" went for \$1,000, and the purchaser may be congratulated upon his acquisition, because it is a downright good picture. The collection at the Somerville gallery brought \$20,000.

At the Düsseldorf, several collections belonging to the estates of persons deceased were sold during last week. The most wonderful works in the gallery, perhaps, were those Adamite pictures by Otis, representing scenes in the lives of our first parents in Paradise. These pictures, three in number, are spoken of in the catalogue as "great works"—a characterization which we are willing to admit if it be applied with reference to their size. With regard to composition and types of character, the pictures are villainously bad. Adam is represented as a weak-minded, middle-aged person of the Andrew Jackson Davis stripe, while Eve is much like what all of us have seen in that department of the lamented old museum of Barnum devoted to figures in wax. A child's doll might have sat for the likeness of our "first mother" as she figures in these "great works." They were sold for \$800, which, at so much a foot superficial even, must be looked upon as a pretty good price for them. Many pictures of merit brought but poor prices at this sale; there were doubts about their authenticity, and it little mattered, of course, whether they were good or bad. "The Miser," by Soostens, was cheap at \$195, and \$300 was more than a fair price for "The Performing Dogs," by Vos.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THERE are now, apart from the numerous German singing associations, two good vocal societies in New York—the Harmonic and the Mendelssohn. The former, under the baton of Mr. F. L. Ritter, is devoting itself particularly to the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, the latter, under Mr. Berge, affects a lighter class of music, but besides Rossini's "Mosé" and "Stabat Mater," and Wallace's "Lurline," seems to study nought else. We have just heard of a third vocal society to be started here next month. This new society has no "object" besides the entertainment and musical improvement of its members. There will be no "initiation fee," no regular dues, but the trifling expenses will be sustained by the gentlemen members. No elaborate oratorios will be undertaken by this society, but light cantatas and the modern style of short oratorios will be produced. Several new compositions by Gounod are to be included in the list; indeed, the production of *modern* music of the lighter but not the more frivolous character will be the specialty of the society. No public concerts will be given, though a series of invitation "receptions" may be expected.

WE also hear of a scheme, as yet without form and void, for an English opera enterprise, in which resident artists will participate. Eichberg's "Doctor of Alcantara" is in rehearsal for the purpose.

THE coming sensation of the day in organ music will be the opening of the large organ that the Hooks, of Boston, are building for Plymouth church, Brooklyn. Several contracts for new organs in this city have been delayed, awaiting the suggestions of the forthcoming representative American instrument.

IN Liverpool a Mr. Thomas is giving a series of classical chamber concerts, not unlike those given by his namesake, Theodore Thomas, in this city. The following is the last Liverpool programme: Quartet, E flat Op. 43, Spohr; sonata (Kreutzer), Op. 97, Beethoven quartet No. 2, in G, A. Mellon; piano-forte pieces, by Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann; trio in D major, Op. Beethoven.

DONIZETTI's opera, "Il Campanello," has met with a marked success at one of the minor Parisian theaters

trade is vibrating in a healthy manner. The ships go into every port with that which no political hate can again gain the mastery of. The waters of every river are again bearing tokens of strength which no petty disputes shall ever overcome. The iron rail and the iron wire are carrying the evidences of renewed brotherhood, never to be recalled. There is hope ahead. If courtesy and charity will but mark the conduct of men in their relations with each other, of whatever kind, then, indeed, shall there be little or no chance for false sentiment or unjust accusations on either side. Shall we not be national, impartial, and just?

ABOUT NEW PERIODICALS.

NEARLY three hundred daily and weekly journals have been started in various parts of the country since the close of the war. A portion of these have already abandoned the field, some are living a very frail life, and there are some which give evidence of a prosperous career. The most noticeable feature of this new era in journalism is the large proportion of weeklies, either literary or otherwise. At the recent rate of increase it would not be a difficult computation to assert just when there would be a weekly paper to every male inhabitant. In fact, since we resumed the publication of *THE ROUND TABLE*, six months ago, hardly a day has passed but has brought either the initial number of a new weekly or the prospectus of one in embryo. It would seem as though every editor, and every printer, and every advertising agent had planned a weekly paper to be published on his own model, and especially calculated to hit the "popular taste." Every new enterprise is in response to a great "demand," and is perfectly adapted to "fill the existing vacuum." The printing offices have had a harvest time with prospectuses and specimen copies, the paper dealers have sold untold tons of paper to imaginary projects, and a host of young geniuses have had glowing visions of the high prices which literary commodities will command when so many purchasers shall have fairly entered the field. A clergyman editor has said that ink beats like blood in the veins of the American nation, a statement which the past few months have been abundantly verifying. Such a mania for newspaper publishing has never been known outside the city of London.

In connection with this remarkable increase of periodical publications, a number of interesting questions suggest themselves. The first and most natural is, whether so many adventures will be likely to succeed. Then it is not out of place to inquire if there is in this country a sufficient number of experienced editors and publishers to take the direction of so many papers. And especially pertinent is the query, whether in view of the vastly increased expense of publishing good journals, the new candidates for public favor can hope to become self-supporting. We presume that the originators of the several new projects all imagine that they have answered these questions, and to their own satisfaction. Other journals may fail, but theirs is exceptional—theirs is the one most needed and must succeed. Almost every man has a pleasant idea of the duties of an editor or publisher, and almost every man believes in his ability to produce a successful journal. Hence it is not surprising that so many ventures are made in this hazardous field, nor is it to be wondered at that so many expect to succeed.

We do not hesitate to say that we think it very doubtful whether the large number of recent literary ventures will succeed and prosper. There are many reasons why we predict failure. Perhaps the most important is that very few of the new publications are supported by any considerable capital. The day for publishing periodicals in this country without a strong foundation of money has forever passed. In fact, there is hardly any business which requires a greater reserve of capital than that of publishing. And yet those who are eager to embark in such schemes are generally without means except to produce a few copies of their ideal journal. Having reason to believe that a very limited number of the recent ventures are strong financially, we cannot but feel that some must inevitably fail. Furthermore, the

market is already so overstocked with papers of average quality, and the people have been so plied with sensation stories, that we can see little chance for the weeklies which seek to satisfy a supposed popular taste. There can never be another *Ledger* excitement in this country. Our people have had enough of this sort of thing. Nor will they be entirely satisfied with reprints of French stories and London sketches. The call is for a higher class of journals—for stronger and more vigorous writing—for critical discussions and able reviews. In this field we do not think that there is an oversupply. But of the lower order of sketchy weeklies we cannot see how anything like the present number is to be sustained.

With the present enormous cost of producing a really good paper, it is not unlikely that some of the better class of periodicals will find difficulty in securing adequate support. At no time have the expenses of publishing a paper been so great as now. The cost of every item that enters into the making of a first-class journal has advanced almost fabulously. Our readers can get some idea of what it costs to make a paper when we state that the ordinary expenses of *THE ROUND TABLE* vary not a great way from eight hundred dollars each week. A little computation will readily convince any person that without a pretty stable return the losses would accumulate rapidly. To take the hazards of such a venture is more than taking an ordinary business risk. Nothing but a pretty sure substratum of capital, a deal of persistence and faith, and a willingness to make great sacrifices can insure success.

Another great difficulty in the way of the success of new journalistic experiments is the lack of men educated for the work. It has not been fashionable for young men to turn their thoughts towards journalism, and hence we have comparatively few skilled editors. There is no field of professional labor where there is so much demand for men adapted to the work as in that of public journalism. But this cannot long be a source of complaint, as so much attention is now being given to the influence and power of the press. With the introduction of a higher order of journals must come men especially educated for the work, and so we look forward to the time when there shall be no calling more dignified or more popular than that of journalism. Then will the existence of new papers be less precarious, and the whole system of the press will be founded on a surer and better basis.

IS A GOOD NAME SECURE?

REFERENCE was made in a recent issue of this paper to the pernicious practice of certain journals of indulging in unwarrantable personalities when engaged in controversies with their cotemporaries, and in connection therewith we ventured to define what seem to us the true limits of personality in criticism. There remains still another phase of the subject which demands attention, to wit: the free use of names by correspondents, particularly by those who write from this city to newspapers in other cities. An illustration right to the point has just been brought to the notice of the public. A few days since, the *St. Louis Republican* printed a letter from its New York correspondent, Mr. Richard T. Colburn (an *attaché* of the *Tribune*), in which the writer recited certain gossip about the private business and the private life of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, of this city. The allegations of the correspondent, though cautiously phrased and given as reports, were calculated to leave upon the minds of nine readers out of ten impressions of the gentleman referred to that, to say the least, were not flattering to him. Mr. Stewart promptly brought the matter before the courts in the form of a suit for libel against the correspondent and the publishers of the paper, which was just the course for him to pursue.

Whether the story of the correspondent were true or false is irrelevant to the point we have now under consideration. Underlying all issues of veracity is the question, How far may the name of a private individual be the subject of comment in the public press? If a man chooses to confide to another what-
ever suspicions he may have concerning his neigh-

bor's character or manner of living, may the person who receives this information retail it to the general public through the medium of the press? And still farther, by what privilege may an editor print such a communication in his paper? As a rule, the conductors of the public press are extremely cautious of being betrayed into making a libelous statement, and this in face of the fact that it is next to impossible to induce a jury to award any considerable damages to the plaintiff in a libel suit; even when the case is clearly against the defendant, a jury seldom goes further than to give a verdict for the plaintiff, with a few cents damages—just enough to impose the costs upon the defendant. It is remarkable, in view of the freedom allowed the press in this particular, that libels are so very rare, and this, too, when a large portion of the editors in the rural districts are totally ignorant of the law on the subject. The very fact that a suit for libel attracts general attention shows how infrequent such suits are. This much for the editors.

Fortunately for the newspaper correspondents in this city, it is seldom that their letters are reprinted in the New York papers. Such ridiculous stories as they give currency to would make them a general laughing-stock if those stories fell under the notice of those who are capable of judging of them. They pick up what the city journals reject, dress up what little they get in all the linguistic finery which they can command, and post it off for country consumption. Such matter takes, of course, poor stuff though it be. One of the most expert persons in this business is a man who writes over the signature of "Burleigh" for a Boston paper; yet even he knows too well the value of truth to disregard it entirely, while adhering strictly to the old maxim, that "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." So long as these correspondents indulge in what can only provoke a smile, few have the heart to take them to task; but when they go beyond that and, for the sake of making an impression, tamper with the public or private reputation of individuals, they should obtain no mercy. An instance of transgression in this regard the case of Mr. Colburn appears to be. Even if what he stated were true, he had no business to communicate it to the public. So far as Mr. Alexander T. Stewart has any relations with the public, so far, and no further, is he the legitimate subject for public comment. If he founds or endows a public institution, or builds a palatial residence, or sees fit to tumble out of a window, there is no harm in the statement of such a fact in a newspaper; but it is no journal's business what he eats, what he wears, or how he spends his time. This principle underlies the question of libel. It is a right of self-protection which civilized communities accord to every member of society. To claim that he who willfully and maliciously takes the life or injures the property of another should be punished, but that he who robs another of his good name should go unpunished, is sheer nonsense. Freedom of the press is not license; and the sooner correspondents learn this, the better it will be for them and the community.

It must be owned, however, that the public is not guiltless in this matter. Of late years a vitiated taste has usurped the place of a correct taste. There is an unmistakable popular craving for personalities. If a distinguished person appears in this city, forthwith there is a demand to know what he does every hour of the twenty-four. Pandering to this morbid curiosity, reporters are set upon his track day and night that the newspapers may be able to inform their readers what he ate at his meals, who shared them with him, where and with whom he went to ride, how he was dressed, and, most valuable of all, what he said in free conversation with his companions. What wonder, then, if the correspondents, sharp enough to perceive this craving of the public, should strive to gratify it? This vitiated popular taste may not absolve them for their misdeeds, but it may honestly be pleaded in extenuation of their shame. So while we condemn without stint those who will stoop to make a few dollars by holding up to public gaze the private habits of their betters, we should do but half our duty if we were to ignore the fact that the people relish such stuff. Reform is needed in both parties ere the evil will be corrected.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.*

I.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, a native of Brunswick, Maine, was born in the year 1814, and at the age of eleven commenced his business as "boy" in a carpet-store in Boston. Four years later, in the year 1829, and at the age of fifteen, he found himself an amazed and unknown, yet hopeful, stranger in the city of New York, busily conning those advertisements in the *Courier* which began with "boy wanted." After some rebuffs, he found employment in a little book and stationery store in Broadway, near Maiden Lane, kept by George W. Bleecker, his duties being to run errands, sweep, etc., for which he was to receive \$25 a year, and live in the family of his employer, who resided, London fashion, over his little store. Mr. Bleecker then published a quarto monthly, called "The Euterpiad: an Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose," and young Putnam was occasionally sent up the North River, or to other rural districts in the neighborhood of the city, as canvasser for this "creditable but rather short-lived periodical." After an apprenticeship of a year or two as clerk-of-all-work in "this little mart of school-books, Andover theology, albums, stationery, and cheap pictures," he received and accepted what he denominates "an unsolicited and mysterious promotion" to the dignity of first clerk at the "Park Place House," "an emporium of literature and art," which has long since been metamorphosed into a hotel. His next stage of progress was to the "less showy but more active duties of general clerk and messenger" for the excellent Jonathan Leavitt, the "leading New York publisher of theological and religious books, particularly in connection with Crocker & Brewster, of Boston." In his "Rough Notes" Mr. Putnam has so pleasantly sketched "the trade" as it then (1832-3) existed in the United States that we are tempted to reproduce it for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen it in the pages of the "Circular." The trade in those days were: In Boston, Lincoln & Edmonds (succeeded by Gould & Lincoln), devoted especially to the views of the Baptists; Crocker & Brewster (still flourishing as the oldest book firm in the United States), the leading Orthodox Congregationalist publishers; Cummings & Hilliard (afterwards Hilliard, Gray & Co.), chiefly engaged in school-books; Lilly, Wait & Co., reprinters of the foreign reviews, etc.; R. P. & C. Williams, in the general trade; Allen & Ticknor (predecessors of the present well-known firm of Ticknor & Fields), on the classic corner of School Street, clinging with praiseworthy tenacity to the venerable old building which has survived some five or six generations; Little & Brown, still flourishing in strength, wealth, and respectability, though they have lost the original junior partner, Mr. Brown, one of the ablest and best-informed publishers this country has produced; Perkins & Marvin, and some smaller concerns, were also flourishing in Boston.

In New York, the old and most respectable firm of Collins & Hannay carried on the best of the jobbing trade on Pearl Street, the sorted stock of Dabolls, and Websters, and slates, and sponges, and Ames's papers, filling three or four lofts, supervised by the versatile and witty John Keese; T. & J. Swords, the "ancient" Episcopal publishers in Broadway, whose imprint may be found dated as early as 1792; Evert Duyckinck, an estimable man, father of the well-known authors, E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck; S. Wood & Sons (the sons worthily continuing), and Joseph B. Collins in the school-book and jobbing trade; Elam Bliss, the gentlemanly and popular literary caterer on Broadway (where Trinity Buildings now stand), whose elegant little "Talisman," edited by Bryant, Verplanck, and Robert C. Sands was the father of American "Annuals," and a good deal better than some of the children; G. & C. Carvill, the English successors of the still more famous Eastburn, on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, the most extensive retail dealers in general literature (including English books), and, like Bliss's opposite, the lounging place of the *literati*; George Dearborn, then

a new star, also "gentlemanly" and intelligent, issuing double-column Byrons, Shakespeares, Johnsons, Brookses, and Rollinses, besides the "American Monthly," the "Republic of Letters," and the "New York Review;" Jonathan Leavitt, as aforesaid, taking charge especially of the department of theology; and the Brothers Harper were building up their gigantic business of producing general literature, then chiefly consisting of reprints from English authors.

In Philadelphia this main branch of the trade was then largely in the control of Carey & Lea, successors of the famous Mathew Carey, a name that will always be remembered as an honor to our craft, in the premises still occupied by the wealthy firm of Blanchard & Lea, the leading medical publishers. This house was then issuing, in quarterly volumes, the "Encyclopedia Americana," edited by Dr. Lieber, an enterprise of considerable magnitude for that day. Carey & Hart, in the same "corner of Sixth and Chestnut," rivaled the Harpers in their dispensations of the new novels, and also in more solid literature. John Grigg, a publisher and bookseller of remarkable ability, rare judgment, and tact, afterwards Grigg & Elliot, published largely in medicine (as well as the Careys) [but "everybody knows Eberle's is the best 'Practice'"], and the standard poets "in the best Philadelphia sheep," and "Weems's Washington," and "Gaston's Collections," and "Wirt's Patrick Henry," and the "Cases of Conscience," but doing a still greater trade in furnishing the country dealers in a thousand places, South and West, with their whole supplies of books and stationery, thus founding the present extensive business of Lippincott & Co., besides one or two princely fortunes for the retiring partners. The rest of the trade in school and other books was divided between Hogan & Thompson, Uriah Hunt, Key & Biddle, and a few others.

In Andover, Mass., Mr. Flagg printed the learned works of Moses Stuart and Leonard Woods. In Hartford, "Uncle Silas" Andrus would grind out cords of Shakespeares, Byrons, Bunyans, and Alonzo and Melissas, suited for the country trade; and the Huntingtons and Robinsons produced cart-loads of Olneys and Comstocks. In Springfield, the Merriams printed Chitty's law-books and others, but had not yet begun to work the golden mine of "Webster's Unabridged." Here and there a book would come along with the imprint of Hyde of Portland, Kay of Pittsburgh, Howe of New Haven, Metcalf of Cambridge, Gould of Albany, Armstrong of Baltimore; but the three great cities first named, then as now monopolized the bulk of the book-making; Boston rather leading the van. The importation of English books was almost wholly in the hands of Thomas Wardle, of Philadelphia, a sturdy Yorkshireman, who had served as a porter at Longmans' in London.

About this time (1832) Mr. Putnam modestly appeared before the world as the author of a volume of some 400 pages, entitled "Chronology, an Introduction and Index to Universal History." This manual, commenced at the age of fifteen, was a well-digested collation of the various histories, some 150 in number, which he had read during his evenings after he was dismissed from the shop—and that, in those days, was not until 9 o'clock P.M. The edition of 1,000 copies was among the stock divided between Daniel Appleton and Jonathan Leavitt when they separated and set up business independently of one another, and was soon sold out, much to the surprise and pleasure of its juvenile author, who had originally compiled it simply for his own benefit. His native Yankee "push," and, perhaps, also, the success of his first venture at book-making, now led young Putnam to attempt what then seemed a desideratum in the trade—a periodical register of the publishing business. So he coaxed an enterprising firm of printers, West & Trow (the latter of whom is still an eminent landmark in his profession), to let him edit such a paper for them. It was accordingly issued through the year 1834, under the title of the "Bookseller's Advertiser," and though its scope was limited, it was received with favor, and promised to pay. Other duties, however, prevented its youthful projector and editor from devoting the requisite time to it, and it was, in consequence, discontinued.

In the year 1836, Mr. Putnam was invited to be-

come a junior partner in the house of Wiley & Long, of 161 Broadway, then just beginning to cultivate the trade in English and foreign books; the capital stock which he contributed to the firm being only \$150, and such experience in the trade as he had picked up. The same year he was dispatched to Europe for the purpose of arranging foreign purchases and correspondence; his tour of eight months resulted satisfactorily, and led to a business of considerable interest and value. In 1837, Mr. Putnam, together with George B. Collins and John Keese, conceived the idea of a booksellers' dinner to authors, which came off at the Old City Hotel on the 30th of March. It was the first affair of the kind ever attempted in America, and deserved the success which it met with; one hundred authors and editors, as well as many of the trade from other cities, being the guests of nearly one hundred booksellers of New York. About this time the firm to which Mr. Putnam belonged proposed to establish a branch of their house in the city of London, there to import American books for the English market, and to purchase European books for this. The duty was again devolved upon Mr. P., who, in the spring of 1838, established in London the first permanent agency for American literature in England—thus laying the foundation of the trade in American books which has since been so extensively and successfully carried on by Low, Greene & Co., Trübner & Co., Joseph Chapman, and others. His location was at 67 Paternoster Row, and afterwards at "Amen Corner" and Stationer's Hall Court, adjoining Whittaker's, and Simpkin & Marshall's, and near Longmans'. Subsequently (induced by a laudable desire to display his Yankee literary wares before the "West End," and under the very noses of the "M.P.s"), Mr. Putnam took possession of premises in Regent Street which had formerly been occupied by a club, and in the immediate vicinity of the United Service and the Athenæum club-houses. On the handsome portico of this new and aristocratic shop were brilliantly displayed the words, "American Literary Agency;" and it soon became a pleasant resort for the literati, the trade, and last, but not least, for some of the prominent statesmen of the day, who were more or less curious about American progress in literature, and who not infrequently dropped in to look around. It was in answer to questions from many of these visitors, and to sneers and misstatements of American affairs in the newspapers, that Mr. Putnam compiled and published, in 1844, a small octavo volume entitled "American Facts," which elicited a good deal of favorable, and even courteous, notice from the English press, even from that portion of it which had been most abusive of our institutions. It was a vindication of his native country against the prejudices, abuse, and misrepresentations which were at that time thrown at her by the English journals, on the score of slavery, repudiation, liquor laws, etc., and evinced an extensive acquaintance with the history, statistics, etc., of the United States, and an intelligent appreciation of our institutions and character.

In 1847 Mr. Putnam returned to New York, where, during his absence, his partner, Mr. Wiley (Mr. Long having retired), had published a considerable number of books, original and reprinted. Among them were the works of Downing, the horticulturist, and Professors Mahan, Alexander, and Ruskin. The most notable publications of the firm, however, were the "Library of Choice Reading," a series of fifty volumes printed in a style somewhat better than the average of the cheap literature of the day, and comprising such works as those of Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, and others, and of which the success was very remarkable, some volumes reaching a sale of 6,000 or 7,000 copies. There was, also, the "Library of American Books," including works by Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, Simms, Judge Hall, etc., and, like the "Choice Library," issued under the supervision and editorship of the accomplished E. A. Duyckinck.

The amicable dissolution of the firm of Wiley & Putnam, in 1848, left Mr. Putnam with his moderate portion of the stock, but without much cash capital, to commence a separate business of his own, which he established at 155 Broadway. Nothing daunted, however, he set himself about the prepara-

* In the above sketch of this veteran publisher we have made free use not only of the facts kindly placed by him at our disposal, but of his genial and interesting series of papers which appeared in the "American Publishers' Circular," in 1863, under the title of "Rough Notes of Thirty Years in the Trade."

tion and publication of a "revised edition" of Irving's works in a style of typography and appearance far in advance of anything which had then been attempted in this country. It was in all respects a hazardous enterprise—one at which the most eminent and sagacious publishers here looked somewhat askance; but it was a perfect success. These American classics were, for the first time, presented in a neat and uniform shape, on fair paper and with neat externals, and the stereotyping, by Mr. Trow, was thought by Murray, the well-known English publisher, to be good enough for his market, and he purchased duplicates of the plates, from which the London edition was printed. Artists and designers, also, have referred to the cuts which illustrated these works as giving a new impetus here to the art and business of wood-engraving. Irving's works have proved to be a remarkably remunerative piece of literary property. The revised edition, commenced in 1848, reached a sale of about 10,000 copies of each volume, while, in the course of publication, prior to 1865, the sale amounted to nearly 50,000 sets. The first edition of "Irving's Life of Washington," in five vols. octavo, was sold by subscription to the extent of about 18,000 sets. An edition of 110 copies was also published in quarto form, with 100 proof plates; a copy of this, illustrated with 1,036 extra portraits, autographs, and views, brought, at the sale of Mr. Andrew Wight's library, of Philadelphia, in 1864, the sum of \$775 00. Another edition, in numbers, with steel plates (costing nearly \$10,000), was also completed in five volumes royal octavo. Of a large-paper edition of "Irving's Complete Works" and the "Life," in 26 volumes, 100 copies were printed for subscribers, and these sets are now valued at double the original price. An illustrated edition of the "Sketch Book," "Knickerbocker," and "Traveler," with designs by Darley, each in octavo, had a sale of some 2,500 copies. The "Artists' Edition" of the "Sketch Book" was commenced in 1860 and issued in 1863. It was illustrated from the designs of about fifty of the leading American artists; and, in respect to paper, engraving, press-work, and binding, it was an attempt fully equaling, if not rivaling, the choicest productions of our home or foreign presses. The cost of production of the first edition of 1,000 copies was \$15,000. The "National Edition" of Irving's works was issued in monthly volumes to subscribers, commencing in 1860, and 3,500 sets were printed. The "Riverside Edition," in 16mo, commenced in 1863, and now in course of publication, is becoming very popular. The "Regular" or "Library Edition" now in the market is called the "Sunnyside Edition," and comprises the whole of Irving's works in 26 volumes. Over 40,000 volumes of Irving's works are now sold every year. The "Sketch Book" seems to be, from the publisher's stand-point, the most popular of all of Irving's works, closely followed, however, by "Knickerbocker's New York," "Bracebridge Hall," and "The Traveler." The reader will find, in an appendix to the fourth volume of the "Life and Letters of Irving," an interesting statement of the amount of copyright paid to the author and his executors by Mr. Putnam prior to 1864.

Among Mr. Putnam's other publications, Bayard Taylor's works have attained no inconsiderable pecuniary value. The sales of "Views Afoot" have reached about 30,000 copies; the other "Travels" from 12,000 to 15,000—the demand for the series continuing steadily. Of his later works, "Hannah Thurston" 18,000, and of "John Godfrey's Fortunes" 13,000, copies have been sold thus far.

In 1853, having removed from 155 Broadway to 10 Park Place, he received Mr. John M. Leslie as a partner, and the firm took the style of Geo. P. Putnam & Co. In January of this year they issued the first number of "Putnam's Monthly Magazine," designed—as a private circular issued to the *literati* in October, 1852, expressed it—"to combine the popular character of a magazine with the higher and graver aims of the quarterly review;" to "preserve, in all its departments, an independent and elevated tone," and to be an original "organ of American thought." The plan was acceptable, and the magazine immediately assumed a prominent stand in the world of literature. The first edition of the first number was 10,000 copies. This had Longfellow's

poem on Wellington—nothing else specially notable—yet the demand at once exhausted this and three or four successive editions, reaching an aggregate of 20,000. The second number, in which was the first "Bourbon" article, the first of the "Potiphar Papers," and several other hits, at once attracted general attention and insured a paying success. An edition of 30,000 was established as a minimum, and of some successive numbers 35,000 were printed. This number, compared to that wonderfully cheap and excellent popular magazine from Cliff Street, then in the full tide of success, was insignificant, but it was in advance, probably, of any original magazine, resting solely on its literary merits, either in this country or in Europe. Each number of the "Monthly" was stereotyped; and the amount paid to contributors and editors for the first two years was \$12,819, besides the sum of \$3,000, cost of illustrations, which, perhaps, were superfluous. In 1855 the magazine, then two and a half years old, was sold to Messrs. Dix & Edwards, a new firm, and on their own unsolicited proposals, for the snug sum of \$11,000. Previously, however, to this, in September, 1854, Putnam & Co., finding themselves incumbered with too much stock, and too heavy a load of responsibility, suddenly decided to sell at auction the larger portion of their stock and stereotypes. A few days' notice only was given; and the business was effected in a single extra day of the trade sale then in session. Beginning at 9 A.M. and closing at midnight of the same day, this sale brought the handsome sum of \$70,000. Among the books of their publication thus suddenly disposed of were the plates of snug library editions of "Addison" and "Goldsmith;" Downing's "Landscape Gardening" and "Rural Essays;" "Homes of American Authors" and "Homes of American Statesmen;" choice illustrated volumes; the series of five "Home Cyclopedias;" Layard's "Nineveh;" "Hood's Miscellaneous Works," and a host of other works by American and foreign authors. After all this cleaning out of stock and plates, the firm still retained the works of Irving, Bayard Taylor, Miss Warner, the "Monthly Magazine," the "Illustrated Record of the Crystal Palace Exhibition," and others.

This Crystal Palace book was one of the most creditable undertakings which was ever assumed by an American publisher. Under the delusion that the Exhibition of 1854 would prove a profitable as well as honorable success, Mr. Putnam conceived the idea of producing an illustrated book which should be at least equal, in mechanical execution, to the "London Art Catalogue" of the English exhibition. He accordingly got it up in a manner highly creditable to his taste and generosity, but entirely regardless of expense; the result being that the whole cost of 15,000 copies was nearly \$40,000, and the actual loss on the affair was about \$20,000! In 1855 Mr. Putnam removed to 321 Broadway, where he remained until his removal, in 1862, to 441 Broadway.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, February 5, 1866.

THERE are three classes of persons, if we will in professional ability, namely, editors, critics, and the better portion of correctors of the press—if, indeed, it were not well to apply this qualification to all three—who are sadly conversant with the great lack of literary accuracy which characterizes even those who have a constant occupation in furnishing "copy" for the printers. The "North American Review" has never cultivated the "sensations" which have pervaded current literature intermittently for the last twenty years, and, if it has seldom produced any marked influence upon cotemporary opinions, it has still employed scholarship as a rule, if not great ability, in its discussions, and has drawn to it the better class of our writers. And yet Dr. Peabody, when he gave up the editorship of it two years ago, gave it as his experience, after ten years' service, that not one in ten of our best writers could prepare a manuscript for a blameless passage through the press. The "Atlantic Monthly," up to the present date, has been, for most of the time, under the oversight, as a "corrector," of Mr. George Nichols, and, now that he has resigned the position, it must be no easy matter for its proprietors to find a substitute who can still maintain for it its old standard of accuracy. I have had occasion already, on the success-

ive issues of the new volumes, to speak of this gentleman's great labor upon the new edition of Burke which he is editing for Little, Brown & Co.; and, when one compares the usual text with the one he furnishes, and marks the corrections, substitutions, omissions supplied which he has so frequently found it necessary to make, one can get some notion of what it is necessary to be to become an accomplished "corrector" of the press. Fortunately for our authors, and some of our very popular ones, the world never knows what they wrote, but only what Mr. Nichols suffered to be printed in the magazine; and, if it were not for uncomfortable disclosures, Mr. Nichols, doubtless, might tell a tale that would amuse more their admirers than themselves. I have heard even that, when "slips" have been sent over from some of the English periodicals, after they have passed the eye of the "corrector" there, to be prepared for simultaneous issue here, his habits of accuracy have still been put into requisition before it could be allowed in print.

There is one phrase that I do not remember to have seen in the "Atlantic Monthly," though it is a blunder surprisingly common, finding its way even into pretentious books, and I charge its absence upon Mr. Nichols' care (without absolutely knowing the fact), because it would be little wonderful if, what I have found within a few weeks' reading lately, namely, in Mrs. Jameson, in *Festus Bailey*, in Tom Taylor ("Life of Reynolds"), in Sir James Prior ("Life of Burke"), in Bayard Taylor, in Robertson of Brighton, in Miss Mitford, and in the recent "Life of Samuel Adams"—if, I say, what these various writers see no harm in, should chance to be used by some "Atlantic" writer, it would not be surprising. I mean the words "mutual friend"—as bad a blunder every way as words can be made to show, and yet one that we hear every day used by people of education, and, as my list above shows, can be found in writers of some standing about once a week in promiscuous reading. It is not one of those cases where the authorities are at variance. Worcester points out its absurdity, and quotes Macaulay's stigma of it as "a low vulgarism." Webster shows its absurdity very clearly. The title of Dickens's recent novel is, doubtless, giving it additional currency and a seeming authority. I remember, when its name was first announced, he was taken to task in the English journals, and he signified his knowledge of the blunder by the qualification that it would become evident in the course of his story why he used it. Those who have read the tale consequently may, I suppose, be warned of its abuse; but it is nevertheless unfortunate for the purity of the language that such a writer as Dickens should give any quasi-recognition of so fatal a blunder, for a few more such attempts will in the end give the phrase a recognition in the dictionary, by virtue of the usage of good writers. Any one conversant with these matters know that there are a good many equally irregular uses already established there by this very means. I remember the late Professor Felton used to be constantly correcting his classes for the use, very common among the students, of the word *talented*. It is no doubt irregularly formed, and may have originated, as is alleged, in America, but then it holds its place by established good usage at last, with such equivalents as *gifted*, *bigoted*, and the like in all dictionaries. It was not in spite of Coleridge calling it "vile" merely, or that Dr. Todd discovered that it was an old word recently revived, but because it was a useful synonym, that made respectable writers adopt it and give it position; a reason that can hardly sanction the substitution I have named for "common" friend. Take another instance. Macaulay opens his "History of England" with "I purpose to write," etc., and yet three out of four of our writers, though they may have studied their Bibles abundantly, and read of what "the Lord hath purposed," would have written it just as Dr. Palfrey does in the first sentence of his "History of New England," "I propose to write," etc. Worcester does not allow at all this meaning of *intend* to the word, and it is a little surprising that a fellow Cantabrigian like Dr. Palfrey should have gone astray. The last edition of "Webster," finding a name of so good standing as Dr. Palfrey's joined to this use of the word, inserts it as a "recent" application of the word. It is not unlikely that this qualification will be dropped before long, and thus the use become fully authorized in one of the standard dictionaries of the language. I find Mr. Atkinson, "professor of the English language and literature" in our Institute of Technology, employing the word in like manner. Take another instance, and this not of a mooted matter, but a word that both the dictionaries are very plain upon, while the derivation indicates the proper meaning; one, too, not obscurely commented upon, for so well-known a writer as Mr. Marsh makes it the subject of animadversions, and in most of the English grammatical treatises it is dwelt upon—I mean the word

"allude," which properly implies a furtive reference, and to "allude by name," as is often heard, is quite as absurd as "mutual friend." Yet this confounding of it with *refer* is one of the most common blunders in talk as in print, and if it goes on much longer will demand recognition doubtless with the "recent" qualification. Indeed, has not Mr. Wheeler, excellent scholar and practiced lexicographer as he is, bordered pretty close upon this misuse in the preface to his "Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction," when he writes that "it is the main design of the work to explain the *allusions* [references?] which occur in modern standard literature to noted fictitious persons and places?" Certainly so good a scholar as Dr. Bigelow was careless when he began his recent lecture with a reference to his book, "Elements of Technology," and then, after a few lines, speaks of the volume "already alluded to." This is just a parallel to the new-fledged parliamentarian, whom the grammarians laugh at for speaking of the "honorable gentleman just *alluded to by name*," but Dr. Bigelow is certainly not a man, either from his years or culture, whom it would be becoming to laugh at for any slips of his style; but even he might have had his gains from passing his "copy" under so accurate an eye as Mr. Nichol's. Indeed, a "corrector" of a great press *should* be the peer in scholarly attainments of its best writers; and that few such persons can be found to take the position accounts for the inaccuracies that one can hardly go amiss of in current publications. Such a blunder as occurs in these lines, from Mr. Calvert's recent volume of poems—

"Where words that lift and thoughts that bless
In quivering piles are hourly *lain*!"—

should not have escaped the *qu.*? of the "corrector" of the Riverside Press; and the mere calling of the attention of such a scholar as Mr. Calvert to a slip would have been sufficient. Again, the "reader" of the University Press allowed the other day, in Mr. Brownell's poems, such a phrase as "it is *me*" to stand, which I don't believe even the class of new grammarians, which is contending, in England, that this is the more natural and, consequently, most proper form of the phrase, would weigh much with Mr. Bigelow or his assistants, if his attention was called to it. "It is *her*," I believe, stands to this day in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in a passage where Mrs. Stowe was supposed to write in her own person.

I am no advocate of a stiff pedantry in this, or of a pertinacious "regularity," after irregularity has become an idiom with good writers; and in regard to the two dictionaries, it may be that Worcester (which enables us in Boston, as Dr. Holmes says, to spell correctly) is too conservative and Webster too eager to accept the new revelations, and that while one is behind good usage, the other may be inclined to lead instead of following it; nevertheless, until they give in to a solecism, and put it in place, it were of doubtful propriety for any one, short of those writers by common consent of scholars deemed classical, to be guilty of misusing not only the words already indicated, but also those other abortions, common enough every day in the newspapers, such as "in our midst," "quite," with any degree of insufficiency attached to it; "balance" for "remainder," etc., etc. Bostonians are accused of depriving "begin" of its rights in favor of "commence," and it is certainly little becoming in them to entertain the foreigner to the exclusion of the native; but yet it were not well to draw our line of demarcation too directly upon the line of Saxon origin. I am not now going into the discussion of the Latin and German elements of our language—the two are both of complementary value, and nothing but a foolish eclecticism would discard the one or the other. Matthew Arnold says that he deems it a good measure of a man's fitness to give an opinion about poetical matters at all, that he is able to detect the ring of false metal in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." The position may be a dogmatic one; but, much in the same way, a man's literary taste may lead him to measure the well-drilled power of a writer by his being able to avoid the too frequent use of these Latin derivations. Yet I do not feel like being emphatic on this point. We, certainly, in New England ought to prefer "begin" to "commence;" for Mr. White has shown, in his notes to Shakespeare, that there is some ground for believing that we have been the conservators of the tongue in many instances where they have lost the tracks in England. I will not instance our conversational use of "show" for "showed," for which we of Boston are always laughed at, although this editor instances, in its support, a passage in "Troilus and Cressida," where the preterite is required for the sense, "I shew more craft than wit," which, Mr. White says, the previous editors, unmindful of its preservation in New England, have altered to "show," of the present tense, being ignorant of the old form, etc.; but I might cite our latter use in America of "platform" as synonym-

ous with "creed," etc., which is found in precisely the same sense in Hooker, Sharp, and Bacon, and others of the older writers of England, though not in use by the moderns there. So our Yankee use of "guess," which is laughed at by our cousins over the water, has the good old sanction of Wycliffe. Mr. White points out a number of these instances of forms of words, not to mention pronunciations, that are preserved with us in New England, and, by radiation, elsewhere through the states, such as *on for of*, *plaguy* proud, etc.; *clean* through, etc. Then there is our distinction between *store* and *shop*, a good Elizabethan usage not preserved now in England; so with *wagon*, which, with us, includes a light vehicle, as Shakespeare certainly meant it should in speaking of Queen Mab's chariot; our interlarding speech with "sirs," so common in Shakespeare, and now called an Americanism; *right away*, for *directly away*, an old use of the Elizabethan age which, nevertheless, struck Dickens so laughably when the waiter answered him so at the Tremont House on his first arrival here; and our use of *progress* as a neuter verb, now so common, which is, by the way, a good test of the rival dictionaries. Worcester, for instance, gives it, citing Shakespeare, and marks it as "obsolete." Webster, on the other hand, gives it as current, and cites (besides Shakespeare) the dramatist, Ford, and, later, Washington, Chief-Justice Marshall, and Dickens. It is plainly, it seems to me, an established usage, whatever may be said against the habit, and it cannot be too clearly kept in mind by all who consult dictionaries, that the lexicographer has no easy task in deciding upon words that are plainly wrong analogically, but, by usage, have become right. The good old rule of Pope on matters of taste is as applicable here, and more so than in most other things:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

When George Lunt and Mr. Hillard were in charge of the *Courier* they always printed "reliable" in quotation marks when they used it, on the ground of Worcester, that its ordinary meaning could only come of its being formed *reliable*; but the word has abundant authority in good usage, and De Quincey even implies that Coleridge, who had such a detestation of "talented," is responsible for "unreliable." Again, to show how Dr. Worcester was sluggish, and not always circumspect in these matters, just look under the word in Webster, and you find its analogues, *laughable*, *available*, *dispensable*, etc., cited, all of which are in good use and do not draw forth any disapproval from Dr. Worcester.

I did not exactly intend this kind of a letter when I began, but a book before me, from Walker, Fuller & Co., called "Hymns for Mothers and Children," is such an instance of the prevalent custom of misnaming, that I was led into noticing other like usages. The book is a collection of short poems, fitted to be read by the parent in the family circle, all of them adapted to young minds, and of use to elevate and instruct, but in only one section out of the twelve are there any pieces that can be called "hymns" in the most licentious sense. It is edited by Miss Whitmarsh, one of the ladies who compiled the "Hymns of the Ages," several series of which have been published by Ticknor & Fields—a title hardly more appropriate in that instance, as covering such a variety of poetry. The present volume is a "second series" under the present head, and I have found from household use that it is adequate to the end set forth. As to its mechanical appearance, it is enough to say it comes from the Wilson Press of Cambridge, and a Miss Greene, with more than common skill, has tastefully disposed sundry emblems about the titles of the various sections in interleaved pages of wood-cuts. There is a large share of waifs and estrays in its selections, which is at least somewhat of an advantage to those families which have on their shelves the standard poets, usually drawn upon too largely in such compilations for this class.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, February, 5, 1866.

Two or three private libraries, collected in this city by gentlemen in business, have lately come to the hammer, here and in New York. The best of these collections, I observe, have been sold at the trade-sale rooms, 498 Broadway, by Mr. J. E. Cooley. The last, of much importance, lately distributed in this manner, was the library of Mr. Andrew Wight, which included the largest collection relating to the United States ever offered for sale by auction on this continent. There were over 200 works printed by Benjamin Franklin, Keimer, Sower, the Bradford family, and other early American typographers. Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," five volumes illustrated by 1,500 portraits and plates, with many autographs, was probably a unique

copy. Everett's "Life of Washington," reprinted from the last edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," to which he contributed it, was extended to quarto, by judicious and neat "mounting," and illustrated with 135 portraits and plates. The whole Washingtonia occupied nine pages, large 8vo, in the printed catalogue. Of works written by or referring to Thomas Paine the list occupied over four pages. A large number of illustrated books, American and foreign, were in this catalogue, and the binding, chiefly by Pawson & Nicholson, Philadelphia, was superb. As the sale took place in June, 1864, realizing much more than the aggregate first cost of the collection, it is not necessary to describe it more particularly.

Another private library, the property of Mr. J. B. Fisher, of Austerfield Farm, Camden County, N. J., will be placed under Mr. Cooley's hammer, at 498 Broadway, N. Y., commencing on Monday, March 5. As Camden bears the same relation to Philadelphia that Brooklyn does to New York, we may safely take credit for Mr. Fisher's library, which, indeed, he formed in this city. The catalogue, 300 pages large octavo, is superbly printed by Mr. Henry B. Ashmead, whose typography is becoming noticeable. It has been "prepared by Charles F. Fisher, assisted by his friends," and, to meet the local large-paper fancy, fifteen copies have been handsomely printed in quarto, on tinted paper, at \$10 to each subscriber.

There are nearly 2,500 separate lots, arranged in strict alphabetical order. The condition of the books is almost uniformly good. Many of the volumes are uncut, and there are numerous large-paper copies. The binding is chiefly by Pawson & Nicholson, of Philadelphia, but some of it by Mackenzie, Lewis, Riviere, Hayday, Capé, Neidreé, and other eminent London and Paris binders. A large proportion of the volumes relate to America, many old books being in the collection. The literature of New England, ancient and modern, is largely represented; so are Indian subjects. American and foreign bibliography, American poetry, and black-letter and vellum books are also here. So are works on witchcraft, demonology, and miracles. One great curiosity is the *editio princeps* of Shelley's "Laon and Cynthia; or, The Revolution of the Gold City. A Vision of the Nineteenth Century in the Stanza of Spenser." It was published in 1818 by Sherwood, Neely & Jones, London, and was written at Marlow, Bucks, in 1817. Almost immediately after its publication Shelley suppressed it, but reproduced it soon after, with omissions, alterations, and additions, as "The Revolt of Islam." It is thought that the first edition, very scarce in England, is unique in this country.

Philadelphia, notwithstanding its *Friendly* element, which does not prevent its fair *citoyennes* from dressing in the extremity of the *mode*, is still under the infliction of the carnival mania. I have already described, in these columns, the fancy-dress or masked balls of the Mænnerchor, La Coterie, and the Young Mænnerchor Associations. In addition, the German Society of the Sängerbund will have their "Grand Carnival and Annual Masked Ball," which comes off this evening, and will have two orchestras, a variety of amusing processions, and any amount of national singing. Moreover, the third annual fancy-dress ball of the society called La Coterie Blanche will be given on Wednesday night. The managers, using the very curious phraseology in currency at most of our fashionable watering-places, seashore and inland, describe it as a "hop." Their circular, which speaks of "the day of the hop," and of "the night of the hop," expressly prohibits the wearing masks under any circumstances, the object being to exclude improper persons, and no one who has once entered the Academy of Music, in which the hopping is to be made, will be allowed to return. All this is done to secure selectness in the company. "La Coterie Blanche," by the way, when established, was advertised as the Coterie Blanche—the leading members wearing white fancy dresses at their entertainments. An objection having been taken to the title, on the ground that the adjective *blanche* and not the substantive *blanc* should have been used, the defense set up was identical with the plea upon which Mr. Wackford Squeers, that model Yorkshire schoolmaster, vindicated his applying the high-sounding appellation of Dotheboys Hall to his very dismal mansion, namely, "A man may call his house an island if he likes; there's no act of parliament against that, I believe." However, La Coterie had not the pluck to adhere to its ungrammatical appellation, and is now La Coterie Blanche, as you see.

In a few days (it *must* be before Lent commences) a theatrical carnival will probably come off here. As yet little is known of the project, but one of the little birds who proverbially whisper in the ears of editors, reporters, and correspondents, has given me a hint that not only a

theatrical but a Shakesperian masquerade is on the tapis. It will be a rule *de rigueur*, I hear, that every person present at that entertainment shall show his or her admiration of "the immortal Williams" (to quote from the eulogy upon Shakespeare which M. Ponsard delivered, not long ago, before the French Academy), by representing one of the characters drawn by the great dramatist, or, at least, by wearing a Shakesperian badge, to signify his or her allegiance. Very many will attend, no doubt, to enjoy the opportunity of mixing in a free and friendly manner with the actors and actresses, whom they have known only by their appearance behind the foot-lights. The Shakesperian carnival, if it takes place, will be popular, no doubt, as the last of this class of amusements until next winter, and as intended, it is said, to help the funds of the newly established Actors' Union, whose formation I mentioned some time ago, and whose success is assured. The rooms of this society are now in Sanson Street, between Seventh and Eighth, but much more extensive accommodation will soon be provided, though it will be difficult to obtain a more central locality.

Two matters of fact connected with these popular amusements are worth notice. The first is that no police charge whatever was brought against any person who attended them; the second that, counting in all of them, with average receipts of about \$9,000 for each, and including the cost of the dresses worn, carriages used, refreshments partaken of, and so on, the whole expenditure, in all ways, must have exceeded \$200,000. Remember, too, that this is money which would not otherwise have been disbursed. Shopkeepers, milliners, dress-makers, tailors, and others have thus received large sums which, at the most inclement season of the year, would otherwise not have been distributed among them. By the way, now that mentioning it can do no harm, it may be added that some lawyers doubt whether, under its charter, the Academy of Music can legally receive masks, and whether the wearing of masks in public, except as part of the "business" in operatic or theatrical performances, is lawful also. Three years ago a high judicial authority declared that it was illegal, in Philadelphia, to have a *bal masque*.

R. S. M.

HALLE.

HALLE, Germany, Jan. 12, 1866.

THE publishers have again opened their flood-gates. A real January thaw has this week sent along a whole torrent of new and important works, which the booksellers have been kind enough to place upon our table. With such a number before us we must classify a little. And first, as they are nearest at hand, we will take up some

PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.

Erdmann, who at present occupies the chair of "the Sage of Königsberg," and has also written a work in seven volumes upon the modern philosophy, has just published the first volume of a new "Compendium of Philosophy." It is to cover the whole field of the ancient and modern speculations; and although written from an Hegelian standpoint, it is especially full and impartial in its dealing with the medieval philosophy of the schoolmen. This is its peculiar recommendation; for while there are many helps for the study of the ancient philosophy, there is absolutely nothing but Ritter for this period, and he is too voluminous for ordinary students. And even here, where Ritter peculiarly excels, these brief studies of Erdmann will fairly rival him on account of the care and faithfulness with which they are executed. In the first volume, which covers the Grecian and medieval philosophy, and extended so far even as to include Bacon, the author devotes more than two-thirds of his space to the schoolmen; and when the remaining volume, which is now in press, is published, the work will include in two not over large volumes a complete compendium of the history of philosophy.

Our American schools give as yet only the most elementary attention to metaphysical studies. In fact, the adequate means thereto have hitherto been wanting, since no compendium of the history of philosophy adapted for students has been available, and this department above all others demands for its intelligible and profitable prosecution a knowledge of the history of the science. Schwegler, indeed, in Prof. Seelye's translation, has been for a short time in the hands of American students, but as a compendium for beginners it is almost entirely useless. It is not even intelligible except to those who have grappled with and mastered somewhat the complications of metaphysical questions: it is packed also with details, which while they save it from being superficial, subject it to the grave charge of being entirely unadapted to those for whom it was intended, as experience therewith in American schools has sufficiently

proved. In Germany, indeed, it has been an exceedingly convenient aid for philosophical students in "cramming" for examinations; but if the author had known what success his work would have had in this direction, how it would have thereby prevented more profound and appreciative study, he would never have published it. In fact, he never intended it for the use to which it has been put. It was written originally, in a few weeks, as a mere article for an encyclopedia, and, like our present author's, also from an Hegelian standpoint; but, unlike Erdmann, he slurs over the whole scholastic philosophy, for which he possessed neither respect nor appreciation, in two short pages. But it must be said, however, that the author could make a better book in a few weeks than many another could write in as many months. For the study of the modern German philosophy, students have an excellent introduction in the lectures of Chalybaeus, which are clear without being sketchy, and comprehensive without being too minute. Ueberwieg has also a work upon the history of philosophy; but that is overcramped with the literature, not always judiciously selected, and is by no means an ideal of a compendium, and is not translated. But for a complete compendium of the history of philosophy, this work of Erdmann's first supplies the long felt want; and if some one could first translate it, and afterwards succeed in getting it studied, he would do an almost incalculable benefit to American scholarship in a department where it is very much needed.

Another treatise on the history of nominalism, by Prof. Barrach, of the university at Vienna, has recently appeared.

PHILOLOGICAL WORKS.

First among them is a Syriac chrestomathy, or reading-book for students. It is in the language of the Peschita, and is said to be the first work of the kind which has appeared. It is prefaced with a long introduction in Latin. When Syriac is more studied, and the immense treasury of Syriac manuscripts in the British Museum and elsewhere shall be unlocked and critically interpreted, great contributions may be expected to the cause of science. Everybody is asking, why does not some one make a Syriac grammar? Rodiger, whose "Gesenius" is known to Hebrew students in America, is said to be engaged in such a work; but as he seems for some reason to make so little use of his immense accumulation of knowledge in this department, great doubts are entertained of its completion.

A new dictionary of the old German language has just appeared, prepared by Oscar Schade.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

The ninth volume of Bunsen's "Bibelwerk" has just appeared, and contains what is of special interest, his history of the life of Christ. He was during his whole life engaged in completing this work, and still it is not complete. It appears to resemble Schleiermacher very much. The view of the Harmonists, that the four gospels can be made to agree in essential particulars, he seems to reject. The only question for him to consider seems to be whether the Synoptics or John be the more reliable for chronology. Bunsen takes the latter as his starting-point, and tries to make the others conform as far as possible thereto. The present work, at the solicitation of Bunsen's family, is edited by Mr. Holzman, of Bonn.

Bunsen was a wonderful, many-sided man, and interested himself in everything. He was especially skillful in gathering around himself a large number of young men, and filling them with his own enthusiasm and setting them to work in useful departments of study. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, and studied and wrote, and then had an appointment with some one to come and read with him. He was full of life, especially on Christmas occasions, when he always conducted in his family an earnest devotional service. He was a great favorite of the King of Prussia, and was successively minister at Rome, Switzerland, and England. He also edited a devotional book, which contained a collection of psalms, epistles, and hymns—the latter without any alterations of the originals, let it be said to his praise. He was very singular in many respects; but, as those who know him intimately assure me, he was a most earnest and fervent-hearted man. But the commencement of this work is so characteristic that I am tempted to quote it:

"What should you say of the astronomers if they should attempt to teach us 'that the laws which regulate the movements of the heavenly bodies are entirely unintelligible, and, therefore, the almanac which is made by astrologers deserves not only the most strict obedience, but also unlimited acceptance as infallible truth? You cannot and must not make your own observations of the sun and moon. This is an abuse of liberty. Doubts or divergent doctrines cannot be allowed; and if you say that the seasons and eclipses of the sun and moon in the almanac do not correspond with the reality, you are a

criminal and a blasphemer? What would you say of such persons? Should we the more laugh at their foolishness, or detest their tyranny? But what should we think of those who, while they protested against such astrologists, still attempted to teach us that the laws of the movements of the celestial bodies are to be determined by civil engineering and surveying, and can only be detected with the help of the reckonings and rules of that science? No doubt they would leave unexplained the very phenomena which we wish to understand; and even if we were liberated from the tyranny of the former, we should not be willing to accept their doctrine. Now, if finally some very wise men and deep thinkers should say most earnestly, 'These laws can only be derived from the pure reason by means of the science of ideas, and should go on to say that the observation of the courses of the stars and the conclusions founded thereupon are quite useless, and could only at the best produce empirical knowledge,' should we not at last be forced to believe that these wise men did not care at all about reality, and about our particular wants, and that after all the first-mentioned astrologists were to be preferred, because they at least gave us the almanac? What I said in the beginning is what the so-called ecclesiastical theologians mean, and these other things are said in substance by the empirical philosophers and the dialectic metaphysicians."

This quotation gives us an appreciative *coup d'œil* of Bunsen's aims and his position relative to the theologians and philosophers. With sufficient allowance for his eccentricities and his human liability to err, his works may be studied with profit.

A work by one Heinrich Boehmer on the Apocalypse—not the doctor himself, who also treats of the same subject—is also published.

Folkmar, belonging to the Tübingen school, publishes a work concerning the "Origin of the Gospels." It is undoubtedly worthy of notice. He takes peculiar views. He is not satisfied with Strauss, nor yet with his opponents.

Bucher writes a book, also, on the "Chronology of the New Testament;" but he should have awaited the results of present investigations in that field, where new material for researches is coming to light and accumulating.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Albert Jager has published a valuable work entitled the "History of Bishop Nicholas." It is an account of his political tendencies and his quarrels with the duke of Austria. He was one of the most learned men of his age.

There is the usual installment concerning Shakespeare by Dr. Adolph Bekk, but I can only speak of its covers.

Some Italian treatises, but published at Leipzig, on the philosophy of language—the Arrie and Semitic languages—have just appeared. The Italians have done considerable for the Indian languages. They have translated, I think, the Bhagharat Geeta and some others; but their own authors and Cicero are all printed at Leipzig.

The first volume of a "History of German Literature" has just made its appearance, and demands a more extended notice, which we must reserve for our next.

We have also a translation into German of a sermon preached by Dr. Tappan, in Berlin, on the 2d of May, 1865—subject: "Abraham Lincoln." One of the first-rate German statesmen, Mr. Mohl, is credited with having requested the translation.

Baur's lectures on the "History of Christian Doctrine," edited by his son, contain a vast amount of learning, and his style is so clear that you can always tell just what he means, even on the most difficult questions, so that you have no difficulty in knowing what he intends to say, and can reject it if it displeases you. The present volume contains the doctrines of the early Church from the Synod of Nice to the end of the sixth century.

Guericke's "Church History" has appeared in a new edition, which is much revised and newly elaborated.

J. B. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SHELDON & Co., New York.—Grondalia: A Romance in Verse. By Idamore. 1866. Pp. 310.
The Drunkard's Child; or, the Triumph of Faith. By Rev. Sidney Dyer. 1865. Pp. 85.
MYRON COLONET, St. Louis.—Manomin: A Rhythmic Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion, and the Minnesota Massacres. By Myron Colonet. 1866. Pp. 237.
HENRY HOYT, Boston.—Mary Bruce; or, The Two Physicians. 1866. Pp. 300.
T. B. PETERSON & Bros., Philadelphia.—The Lost Bride. By T. S. Arthur. 1866. Pp. 117.

PAMPHLETS.

The Tribune Almanac for 1866. Alexander J. Schem, compiler. The Albany Evening Journal Almanac for 1866. Weed & Parsons, Albany, N. Y.
The Democratic Almanac. Van Eyrie, Horton & Co., New York.
Sadliers' Catholic Almanac for the Year of our Lord 1866. D. & J. Sadlier, New York.
The Cavalier Dismounted: An Essay on the Origin of the Founders of the Thirteen Colonies. By William H. Whitmore.
North and South America: A Discourse delivered before the Rhode Island Historical Society Dec. 27, 1865. By Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, Argentine Minister to the United States.
A Discourse delivered in the Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Thanksgiving Day, Dec. 7, 1865, by Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder, D.D.
Thanksgiving for Peace: A Sermon preached in the First Congregational Church, at Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 7, 1865, by Rev. William C. Richards.

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